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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

SENATOR SUMNER.

From The Charleston (S. C.) Courier.

ALTHOUGH the free-dirt papers have, at regular intervals, issued carefully detailed and seemingly official reports of the state of Sumner's bodily health, *no American physician has affixed* his authority to any of these bulletins.

The opinions and treatment of Dr. Brown Sequard—who is not a practising physician in our American usage of the term—are only known also through the reports of anonymous and irresponsible correspondents.

The positive testimony in the case is almost conclusive to the belief—honestly and reluctantly entertained by many—that Sumner has been malingering, or "playing possum."

There has been no testimony, and not even responsible and avowed assertion, on the other side.

Twelve months ago Sumner skulked away to England, and his few surviving friends hoped that he would there find a good pretext for letting go his sham sickness, and consenting to become well.

The creature, however, could not deny himself the pleasure of parading his simulated sores and sorrows, and the first public act or appearance of the malingering refugee was at a dinner of the Benchers of the inner temple. We were regaled with reports of this entertainment, coupled with the startling announcement that no American gentleman had been invited to such an entertainment. If the grave Benchers are not in the habit of inviting American *gentlemen*, there was no exception in Sumner's case.

After other feasting and parading of this sort, Sumner returned, but the tone of the public mind and of the public journals was not prepared to admit that a man—or a biped in breeches—leaving America in the condition represented by Sumner could be cured by Thames water and Benchers' festivals.

It was soon found that to get well then, and after such therapeutic appliances as a senatorial salary and a pleasure excursion, would be to confess the sham too openly.

Hence the second trip to Europe under a different cue and management—hence the "terrible tractoration" so eloquently detailed by reporters and correspondents, who, of course, are chosen friends of Dr. Brown Sequard—hence the resort, not to a physician in practice and of repute for therapeutic success, but to a medical inquirer, whose preëminent and sole distinction is in a special and limited province of physiology.

BUCHANAN AT HOME AND AT CHURCH.

Correspondence of The New York Observer.

LANCASTER, Pa., Sept. 22, 1858.

OUR distinguished President has been rusticating, as the papers tell us, for a few days, at his quiet home in Lancaster, and we must needs embrace the opportunity of paying him our respects. So, on Monday morning, two of us walked out, about a mile from the city, to his residence. The house, which is a short distance from the public highway, does not expose itself to view until you approach very near. A sloping lawn, inclosed by a plain fence, and nearly covered with forest trees, lies in front. The dwelling is of brick, two stories high, with a colonnade portico, flanked by a wing on each side, of the same height and materials. One of these side buildings contains the library, the other is now used for domestic purposes.

Mr. Buchanan's retinue at Wheatland consists of a housekeeper, a female servant, and a little boy; the latter came to the door to answer our call, and in a moment, before we had time to enter, the President himself came out, and, cordially greeting us, conducted us to the parlor. He at once entered into a free conversation, which he commenced by asking as to the state of religion, in the several places of our residence. Then followed a minute account of that peculiar inclination of his head, which has often been noticed by those who have attempted to describe him. The substance of the account is, that his eyes are not *mates*, one being *short*, the other *long-sighted*. This, he thinks, was always the condition of his eyes, and occasioned, early in life, that lateral curvature of his neck which is a noticeable feature of his portly *physique*.

Nothing about this truly great man is more wonderful than the ease and simplicity of his manners in private life. He throws off all reserve and makes his visitor feel quite at home in his presence. While we sat there, a rough, laboring man walked in without a coat, and saluted the President, "Good morning, sir," and handed him some newspapers. The "rich brogue" betrayed the man's nationality. Mr. B. replied with a calm smile, "*Thank you,*" took the papers and the man left.

A more pleasing instance of this freedom from ostentation and pride was his manner at church on the preceding Sabbath. He walked from his residence, which must be two miles, as the church is in the opposite suburb of Lancaster, and came a little after the service began. His feet were covered with dust, and the perspiration was standing on his forehead. No stir was made in the congregation; he quietly entered his own pew, and engaged in silent devotion. A psalm-book was handed to him, and he at once participated in the song of praise. He seemed greatly interested in the sermon, which was indeed worthy the attention of kings and all others in authority, as well as of all under authority. It was based on the passage, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," and, beside possessing extraordinary merit as a piece of composition, was delivered with eloquence and power.

After church, the President walked devoutly, and entirely unattended, through the streets of Lancaster. What stranger, looking upon that solitary pedestrian, apparently oblivious of self, and not expecting admiration, could have imagined that he was the Chief Magistrate of this mighty nation!

Whatever judgment is formed of Mr. Buchanan's public policy, or of his political opinions, there can be no question as to his purity of character, the humility of his deportment, and the sincerity of his religious professions. Long and pleasantly will we remember the 20th day of September, as the day spent with the sage of Wheatland, at his own home. VISITOR.

"SHALL MASSACHUSETTS BE FREE?"—This pertinent question is put in Brother Garrison's *Liberator* last week. As there may be some curiosity about the exact way in which the Puritan Commonwealth is to be liberated according to Garrison, here it is:

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

The undersigned, citizens of Massachusetts, respectfully ask you to enact that no person who has been held as a slave shall be delivered up by any officer or any court, State or federal, within this Commonwealth, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the slave States of the Union.

That's nullification out and out. We fear that Massachusetts never will be free from bigotry, fanaticism, meanness and treason while Garrison & Co. remain within her borders; and as they do not recognize the binding authority of the Federal Government, why don't they cut their sticks at once? If they would take one island in the Pacific, the Free Lovers another, and the Mormons another, and keep out of the track of our new lines of steamships (which we are going to start), they might carry out all their queer ideas in peace, and we should be relieved of a nuisance. They might have an Abolition, Mormon, Free Love Joint Stock Emigration Company. We recommend the matter to the serious consideration of the Wall street philosophers.—*Bennett's Herald.*

THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTH ACCORDING TO G. P. R. JAMES.—In a description of country and plantation life in Virginia, recently published, G. P. R. James, the novelist, writes:

The negro life of Virginia differs very little, I believe, from the negro life all through the South. In return for food, clothing, house-room, medical attendance, and support in old age, about one-third of the labor which is required of the white man in most countries is demanded of the black. He performs it badly, and would not perform it at all if he were not compelled. The rest of his time is spent in singing, dancing, laughing, chattering, and bringing up pigs and chickens. That negroes are the worst servants in the world, every man, I believe, but a thoroughbred Southern man, will admit; but the Southerner has been reared amongst them from his childhood, and in general has a tenderness and affection for them of which Northern men can have no conception. Great care is taken by the law to guard them against oppression and wrong, and after six years' residence in the State, I can safely say, I never saw more than one instance of cruelty toward a negro, and that was perpetrated by a foreigner. That there may still be evil in the system which might be removed by law, and that there may be individual instances of oppression, and even bad treatment, I do not deny, but those instances are not so frequent as those of cruelty to a wife or child in Northern lands, as displayed every day by the newspapers; and in point of general happiness, it would not be amiss to alter an old adage and say, "As merry as a negro slave."

I must not pursue this branch of the subject further, for I can pretend to no great love for Dr. Livingstone's friends, Makalolos. There are, beyond all doubt, some very excellent people amongst them; but, as a race, the more I see of them, the less do I think them capable of civilization, or even fitted to take care of themselves.

Selections.

BOWEN'S LECTURES ON CENTRAL AFRICA.

FIRST LECTURE.

THE Rev. T. J. Bowen, formerly a Texan Ranger, and lately a Baptist missionary to Yoruba in Africa, gave a lecture on the Physical Geography of Africa, especially that portion to the west of the Niger, last evening (Oct. 7), in Clinton Hall. He had seen no chain of mountains in Africa, only isolated peaks. The long ranges which appeared upon the maps were, when visited, found to be mere peaks. This would be of great importance when the country began to require railroads. Most of these peaks were of naked granite, and a few of them were covered with wood. He first landed on the coast of Liberia. The immense number of sharks attracted his attention. For more than 2,000 years sharks had fattened there on the droppings of the slave trade. He penetrated into the country eastward, and heard the native songs of the negroes, now domesticated in the South. The rank smells arising from the swamps explained the unhealthiness of the country. Through the thick African bush they went on out of the district of the pineapple and wild coffee tree, introduced there by the slavers; found the St. Paul's River to be 400 or 500 yards broad, and were turned back by a chief, who wanted all the goods they brought with them. It was evident that the land in Africa was worn out; most of it was prairie land, which had been produced by former cultivation. Another proof of this was the immense number of holes made in the granite by the grinding of corn, now far from any habitation. The Africans, too, were very cleanly, and carried the dirt which accumulated in their houses out and formed mounds that remained long after the village was destroyed. The first impression of the desert was that it was a vast sea of desolation. The stories about men or caravans being overwhelmed by sand were very old and very false. Nearly every part of the desert was inhabited; there were two old republics in Sahara, with a literature, perhaps as old as any other. The soil of most of the desert was lime, and sand and clay; Artesian wells would probably find water almost anywhere, and some day the desert might be made to blossom as the rose. People who lagged behind the caravans might lose their way and their bones, and give rise to such stories as every African traveller since Herodotus has told. The Persian army, which history said was overwhelmed in the desert, might be accounted for by an African tradition that some of their ancestors came from Persia. Mr. Bowen gave some very interesting details of his mineralogical observations. He had pretty good reason to believe that the Western Coast of Africa was rising. Harbors had shoaled very sensibly within 300 years. He found excellent iron ore over a large extent of country. He had found mounds which he had satisfied himself were the remnants of old forges, about twenty-five miles to the north-west of Abbeokoota. Copper was plenty, and lead had been discovered. Brass of excellent quality was very plenty and cheap, and he had been told that it was made in the interior. There was an abundance of gold scattered over the thousand miles of country, whence Carthage drew her wealth. In Central Africa they had two well-defined seasons. In the hottest weather he had ever known south of the desert the thermometer marked 97 1-2. There were no great freshets, as the rains were gradual. He had never seen a swamp of an acre in extent in or about Yoruba. He had found canoes sixty feet long and five feet deep, quite capable of crossing the Atlantic. He had seen a horn which he was told was taken from a sorrel deer—a small black horn, curved backward. Other stories of tailed men, horned women and four-eyed men convinced him that the Arab travellers had the most elastic imaginations known among men.

SECOND LECTURE.

Mr. Bowen gave last evening (Oct. 12) his second lecture, in Clinton Hall. His subject was the People of Africa. The Fellatah people told him that they came from Paylee. They said that they had spread in four directions from Timbuctoo, one toward Senegal, one down the west bank of the Niger, one lately into Houssa and one into the Soosar country. Their traditions were that their ancestors were white men and came from the East somewhere. One of their historians said that they came from Persia. He thought that they might have been the remnant of the army of Cambyses, which was supposed to have been overwhelmed by a sand-storm in the desert. There were several libraries and a number of learned men in the heart of Africa. They knew a great deal more about us than we about them. They asked him, for instance, if the days of our weeks were not named so and so. And when he told them that they were, they told him that they had found it so in their books. The names of Abraham and David, Marianna and Susannah were common there. Their language had 15,000 words known to him; these were built up on about 120 verbal roots and 400 or 500 nouns. He supposed that the black people originated in India and intermixed in Sahara with a white race. Another branch mixed with the Malays, on the east coast, while a third took a central course to Congo. There were all shades of color among the native Africans. Some of the Fellatahs were almost white, and their language was not an African language. They were a fine-looking race of people, full of energy and fire, and, being white people, were full of mischief. They had conquered almost every part of Africa. He had seen men with Roman noses, finely-formed hands and feet, black skins and woolly heads. They were called the black-white men, and were considered to be the most learned of Africans. On the Nile was now the gigantic race whose ancestors sent a bow to Cambyses, and said: "Find the man who can bend it, if you can." These men had full beards. All along the Guinea coast the English language is much used, and he had been much surprised in the interior by black men coming up to him and saying, "Good morning, sir." The whole valley of the Niger was admirably adapted to colonization from this country. He had seen some of the finest types of men in Africa which he had seen anywhere. He had often been asked whether he was not afraid to travel in Africa. He was less afraid than in this country. The heathen population there were wonderfully kind and hospitable. A few years ago a man in Liberia started on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, with his son. In Yoruba the father died. The people there gave him gold, told him to go down to the coast, find a vessel and go to his home, which he did. But he dared not approach the white people in that country; the Moors would rob you, if they did not murder you. We had judged all the Africans by the few fishermen and slave-dealers on the coast. We thought them an exceedingly lazy people. So the coast men were. But in the interior, they were industrious enough. In Abbeokoota was a market two miles long. They sell dresses there at $60 apiece. He knew an African intimately, whose wealth he had the curiosity to count up one day at African prices. It amounted to more than $2,000,000. The people are very polite, especially in the cities. He used to go with the people of Abbeokoota to their farms, sometimes twenty miles distant. They kneeled, where we bowed, and he had often seen men kneeling to women in the street; they were as polite to their women as to each other. On the coast he saw women at work in the fields, but not in the interior. Most of the trade of the country was in the hands of the women. The Yoruba language had more abstract nouns than the English; this taught him that negroes knew how to think. When he preached, they listened to him with the most intense interest. He could express himself with greater precision in the Yoruba language than in the English. The Africans made much use of iron; they smelted with charcoal and ore, and without bellows. They made glass, a glass which the French had endeavored in vain to imitate. Before Pliny was born they made glass on the banks of the Niger. The women did the spinning and the men the weaving. The people were very gregarious, and did not work at home, but in some central place, where they could talk with each other as they worked. Their indigo was a tree; an immense quantity would soon be imported. He knew no African King who was absolute. Without the Council the King would do nothing. A Grand Council of 70 could depose him. These people were heathens, and offered human sacrifices. So did the Greeks and Hebrews. But after he had preached to them, they told him that they would not any more, and, so far as he knew, they kept their word. They all believed in one God, in the immortality of the soul, and that there were spirits who mediated between them and God. They dressed like Turks, made boots and saddles, and their bridle rigging was exactly like that of the Mexicans, who received it from them through the Spaniards and Moors. Their wars are generally settled by one campaign. They generally use guns made in Hamburg, and their powder, which is coarse, comes from Boston. The captives taken in war are offered first for redemption to their countrymen, and then, if not redeemed, are sold for slaves. The King of Dahomey established a standing army twenty or thirty years ago to supply himself with slaves, as he found that he could always get plenty of guns and powder with them. One-third of his army were women. He thought, in case the men should revolt, a woman would keep them in check. The City of Abbeokoota, on account of its opposition to the slave trade, was threatened by the King of Dahomey, and 10,000 men and 6,000 women sent against it. Abbeokoota alone sent out 15,000 or 20,000 men to oppose them. For four hours they fought, and 1,209 of the assailants were killed—many of them women. This ended the slave trade there.—*Tribune.*

THIRD LECTURE.

The Rev. T. J. Bowen concluded his course of three lectures on "Travels in Central Africa" last Thursday evening (Oct. 14), before a very large and intelligent audience. He gave as his subject "The Future of Africa," as indicated by the mental and moral character of the people; by the present civilization of Sudan, and how they have retained written Arabic for seven hundred years; by the resources and valuable productions, and by the progress of missions. He said that it was affirmed by some that the African people were as high as we may ever expect them, and that all who were laboring for her elevation were throwing away their time, their money and their lives; but he always had an answer ready for such objection, and that was the African had not enjoyed the necessary privileges. The African had a different type of mind; but that should not be an objection, for it was so with the Asiatic and Indian. He believed the day would soon come when the world would be governed by moral force; then he thought the African character would arrive at the high degree they were so capable of maintaining. They were a people already holding a high state of civilization, and had held it for a long series of years, and that, too, cut off from countries where the arts and sciences had approached the highest state. The earliest inhabitants of the world were more or less civilized, but in many cases they had fallen away; but in the case of the African they still retained it. More than seven hundred years ago the Saracens planted their religion and literature in Central Africa, and the armies that reared up cities and towns there died and finally became extinct. This literature, as well as religion, those Central Africans still retain. If those people, then, can retain that Arabic language seven hundred years, and have schools to teach it, what was to prevent us from teaching them their own language? Whether there are any Christians in Sudan, it is not known, but he had heard, while there, that many tribes in the smaller towns retained the principles of Christianity, worshipping Jesus Christ. There was a story told that the Abyssinians extended their religion into the far East, and afterwards a rupture among the people there cut off a portion of the Abyssinians, thus leaving a portion of them in the East, from whom it was very probable Christianity was spread; and the people are now in a position which almost compels them to go forward to a still higher state of civilization. They were a very active people and always willing to labor for pay. He had built five houses in the Zuraba kingdom, where he was surrounded by the natives, who were ready to build at ten cents a day; and he had on one occasion turned away over 300 of them. As an illustration of their character, he said he had $600 in silver dollars, in a box, carried over the hills and mountains to him, but the first intimation he had of its arrival was its being set down before his door at his station—it having been despatched by the proper authority at the port. The true way to improve Africa was to go there and teach them. In regard to missions, he said it had not been a great while since a missionary first went to Africa. For a long time Africa had been the place where the slave trade was exclusively carried on, but now missionaries were there, and they had met with great success. In his own journey through the kingdom of Zuraba, he said he passed on for a few days' journey, and spent a month in a village on a mountain, where he told them of the great benefits of Christianity and the baneful influence of the slave trade. Every morning he used to talk with them, and he subsequently found some of them deeply impressed on the subject of religion, who were happily converted from the darkness of their heathenism to the marvellous light of the word of life. Wherever the word had been preached there were frequently hundreds so absorbed as to forget everything else; and when the discourse was ended, some would follow the preacher to the next place, and finally turned from their idols and worshipped the true God. It had only been ten years since Christianity had been planted there by missionaries, and now there were nearly 6,000 who preferred Jesus Christ. According to this, what might not be expected in the course of twenty-five years? There was a substantial character in the people that might be depended upon, and he believed the day was not far distant when Christianity would turn Africa upside down, as it had the rest of the world. The missions in the colonies had had a powerful effect in civilizing the people, whether under English, French, Dutch or American government. There was also a great germ of civilization in Abbeokoota, spreading out in every direction, and destined to do great things. The republic of Liberia was exerting a healthy influence. By their mode of government they have been presented by many tribes with immense tracts of land, and in this way were extending their power. Sierra Leone was doing a vast amount of good toward the civilization of Africa. In the town of Freehold there were no less than twenty-three churches, some of which cost over $20,000. Literature was highly valued there; indeed, many, he said, read Greek and Latin with wonderful accuracy, and many were longing to go forth and preach the gospel to the natives. Thus it would be seen missions and literature were doing a great good to Africa. The commerce of Africa was also doing much. It was not a new thing. He believed they had traded with the Carthagenians far up on the tropical coast. Egypt did a heavy trade with Central Africa, and it was not unlikely that then much depended upon Central Africa for the gold and gems that enriched Carthage and the Egyptians. A part of their trade was the slave trade, at least three thousand years ago, which is yet carried on to some extent. The slave trade on the desert was a horrid thing. Squadrons might break it up on the coast, but civilization must break it up in the interior and far away from the coast. He believed the slave trade was done. The natives were doing great things for its downfall. In Africa was the true spot to work for the annihilation of the trade. In one instance the armed natives had done more for its abolition in two months than the English fleet had in as many years. There are innumerable reasons connected with the trade of Africa why she should be civilized. Her productions were vast—palm oil, salt, cotton, silk, gold, indigo, gum and other valuable articles of importation. The river Niger was capable of navigation, he had no doubt, over its whole length, which was hundreds of miles long. He believed our Mississippi steamers might run over it with great success. England had turned her attention to the trade there, and the commerce afforded them doubly repaid her efforts; but while she had been doing this, she had been exploring, and thereby putting herself on the track of further wealth and influence. At the mouth of the Niger there was a magnificent field for the palm oil trade; up further, the cotton district; further still, the gum forests; and far up near the mountains, the gold regions—a second California. Africa was a fine country, and no one who ever lived there and became acquainted with her resources, and came away, but what desired to live there. He believed that the country which shall send out the necessary force, with steamers, to open the trade there would be repaid in a marvellous manner. Towns, cities and villages would spring up, and great good be done.—*Herald.*

SLAVERY.

[The following resolutions on slavery were passed by the Michigan Annual Conference, at its last session in Kalamazoo:]

1. Resolved, That American slavery, as a system, from beginning to end, from first to last, in all its principles and great facts, is as completely and fully a pagan institution as was the system of slavery which existed in the old pagan Roman empire.

2. Resolved, That the attempt made by certain divines and statesmen of our country to humanize it, and invest it with Christian character, is in conflict with the gospel of the Son of God, and offensive to the honest, enlightened sense of Christian men, and that the same views should obtain in regard to the treatment of this crime that are held on that of idolatry, adultery, intemperance; viz., it should be denounced and destroyed.

3. Resolved, That we repudiate as offensive the doctrine that the Methodist Episcopal Church is constitutionally a slaveholding Church.

4. Resolved, That it is the sense of this Conference that the present General Rule on slavery does not allow the holding of a human being as a slave.

5. Resolved, That we respectfully ask the next General Conference to interpret the General Rule in conformity with the views expressed above, by appending a foot-note in the following words, to wit: "This rule does not allow the holding of a human being as a slave."

6. Resolved, That we approbate the judicious application of missionary money to our border Territory; but at the same time we most explicitly express our disapprobation to the receiving of slaveholders into our Church, on the Territory where his money is expended.

7. Resolved, That we hereby express our most hearty approbation with the position of the *Quarterly Review* and *Sunday School Advocate* on the subject of slavery, and will sustain them, and increase their circulation.

THE CANADA SLAVE CASE.

From The Chatham (C. W.) Freeman, October 1.

ON Monday afternoon last, a number of the loyal, liberty-loving and law-abiding men and women of Chatham proceeded to the Railway Station, in an orderly and peaceable manner, and then and there introduced an American slave to the blessings of British freedom.

After the little fellow had gained the outside of the car, they gave, as in duty bound, and in accordance with their feelings, three cheers for the Queen, joined by men and women inside the cars, who waved hats and handkerchiefs; the assemblage then quietly wended their way to the *Freeman* office, after having taken the little stranger before Mr. Justice McCrea, who delivered him over to us, to be provided for in the future. On arriving at this office, "Jack" gave three cheers for Her Majesty, also, which were responded to by the large assemblage with vigor, when all quietly dispersed. Jack is now going to school, is naturally as intelligent as one could wish a child to be, and freely expresses a desire to remain with us.

The slave is a free boy! The majesty of British law is vindicated—our once polluted free soil has been promptly and properly cleansed of the stain. The people have declared that Canada cannot be transit ground over which the slaveholder may lead his manacled slave; and so declaring, they intend to maintain it. Not so, however, the servants of the Great Western Railway. Afraid of the frowns, of losing the patronage of their Southern masters, of injuring the Southern custom to their numerous saloon keepers, or no doubt in harmony with their own sentiments, with that doughfaceism which is as impressible by Southern gold as the same article is anywhere, they have arrested John Goodyear, John Hooper, I. D. Shadd, John Sparks, Edward Doston, Shelby Smith, W. Street, and others, upon a charge of riot. The lawyer employed by the slaveholder is S. S. McDonnell, of Windsor, and he is also acting for the G. W. R.'s servant, the station master at Chatham. To the credit of Chatham, be it said, no respectable lawyer here will engage in the work for this seeming combination between Southern slaveholders and Canadian railroad servants.

The suit is, however, but a vexatious pretext; their real design, we have every reason to believe, is, first, that by this action the British people, and particularly the colored people, shall be intimidated from protesting anew against the new use to which their cars have been applied—namely, against converting them into international slave-holds, and the Company's servants into a body-guard for the master, and a police for the slave.

For ourself, we have but one word to say—we glory in the work done, and we shall ever help to maintain the character of the country and the liberty of the slave. Bolts, bars, prisons nor fines can intimidate us; they become honorable in such a cause. In the meantime, we stand bailed till Tuesday next, when the examination will be renewed. This is the people's question, and we confidently look to them for sympathy.

A desperate effort is being made by the Great Western Railway servants to place this end of their road on a footing with their Michigan section; and Southern gold is being also freely plied by their slaveholding confederates for the same purpose. This is the beginning of a series of annoyances, which will end in continuing the supremacy of British law and dominion over Canada, or subjecting this fair territory to the control of Southern slaveholders, through the instrumentality afforded by the servants of soulless Corporations.

THE CHATHAM SLAVE CASE.—On Tuesday, 5th inst., the preliminary investigation in this case, before Thomas McCrea, Esq., Police Magistrate of Chatham, was resumed, pursuant to adjournment. Mr. George Duck, County Attorney, conducted the prosecution against the parties charged with forcibly abducting the slave boy of Mr. Merwin—the charge being that the boy was carried off against his own earnest desire to remain with his master. Mr. McLean appeared for the defence. The *Advertiser* states that, after a good deal of evidence had been taken, two white and six colored men were bound over to stand their trial at the Assizes, which will be held on the 18th inst. One of the white men is a Mr. Goodyear, who, it appears, headed the party that liberated the boy.

SLAVEHOLDING RELIGION.

From The Free South.

MODERN improvement is the theme of the orator and the poet. This age has certainly brought out some wonderful inventions, but perhaps none more remarkable than those which relate to American slavery.

Some half and even a quarter of a century ago it was generally regarded, and even admitted, by most slaveholders to be anti-Christian. Now and then a minister, and occasionally a layman ventured an apology for it, and modestly hinted that, under certain circumstances, it might be permitted, as, under the Mosaic dispensation, polygamy was permitted, or at least not expressly forbidden. Many insisted that a slaveholder could not be a Christian; others doubted, and a few thought it possible, admitting, at the same time, that the difficulty rich men were likely to experience in entering into the kingdom of heaven was increased ten-fold in the case of the slaveholder. As for the foreign slave-trader, he was, on all hands, consigned to perdition without benefit of clergy.

But modern research has made the discovery that not only the Bible, generally, but the New Testament in particular, sanctions slavery, and makes the holding of ignorant men, women and children, in chattel bondage, a godly and Christian act. The denial of this is now rank infidelity. Since this new light or rather dark shade has been cast upon the Christian revelation, slaveholders have taken a wonderful liking to the Bible, and many of them have become remarkably pious. They are very strict in the observance of the forms and ceremonies of the Church, and the reading of the Scriptures, particularly those portions which are supposed to favor the institution of slavery. With these they are as familiar as the Puritan boys used to be with the Westminster Catechism, and quote them in every discussion of slavery as a final settlement from the Word of God, of the whole controversy.

Of course, the religious instruction of the slaves is not overlooked. It would not be safe to learn them how to read, which the law, in some States, forbids; they might peruse bad books, and get hold of infidel anti-slavery tracts, and perhaps misunderstand some passages in the Bible, especially the teachings of Christ. But ministers, laymen and pious ladies are encouraged to read select passages from the Bible to the slaves, and give them such instruction as is calculated to make them faithful and obedient to their masters, mistresses and overseers, whom to disobey is a dreadful sin against God, whose will it is that they should be and forever remain slaves. As a sample of this teaching, a gentleman just from Alabama relates that, on one fine Sunday, in walking out, he found, by the side of the road, under a shady tree, a group of curly heads with shining black faces, in the centre of which was a white lady, who read from the Bible the curse of Noah upon Ham, and the doom pronounced upon his posterity. The good lady proceeded to give the darkies a running commentary upon this text, by telling them that they were the children of this same Ham, who settled in Africa, whence their ancestors came; that Noah, who pronounced the curse upon Ham and upon them, his children, was a good man and a prophet of the Lord; and so it was not Noah, but the Lord, who made them slaves for the fault of their father, just as all men had been doomed to death for the sin of Adam. The application of this was that as God had made them slaves to white men, to attempt to gain their freedom or to be disobedient or disrespectful towards their masters and mistresses was to sin against God, who would punish them for such wickedness in a dreadful burning hell. Our friend, the narrator of the foregoing, thinks the pious lady really believed she was teaching the gospel to the poor degraded slaves; but, without impugning his veracity, which, we know, is reliable, we confess his faith in human nature is greater than ours. It is barely possible, in our estimation, that some professing Christian men and women in the slave States may be in the situation that Saul of Tarsus was before he undertook that celebrated journey to Damascus, and really think that they do God service by teaching the poor slaves that God has degraded them, that it is his will that they should be bought and sold like cattle and horses, and that Christ came down from heaven to teach them to submit quietly and without a murmur to the authority, caprice and the lusts of their white masters and overseers.

Should some slaveholding man or woman begin to entertain conscientious scruples about the rightfulness of slaveholding and doubt the scriptural warrant therefor, they are warned of the danger of being led off into infidelity, abolitionism, free-loveism, and all the other frightful *isms* of the day. Should their conviction increase, and result in the manumission of their slaves, they are pronounced the poor, deluded victims of a wild, sceptical fanaticism, and spoken of in social circles as insane, and fit only for confinement in a mad-house.

Among the modern improvements in the theology of slavery, perhaps none is more striking than the new light in which the foreign slave trade begins to be viewed. Formerly, the slaveholding professor of religion united with the Christian world in condemnation of "man-stealing" as the foulest of crimes. But recently it is beginning to be insinuated, and sometimes pretty broadly asserted, that the African slave-trader is only a modified missionary of the Cross! Some even profess to think that his calling is the most effectual and by far the cheapest way of civilizing and Christianizing the poor, benighted, barbarous, African heathen. The laws of the United States making the slave trade piracy are, therefore, hostile to the spread of religion and civilization, and should be repealed.

It is by no means to be inferred that all slaveholding professors of religion entertain these views. But such opinions are gaining ground in the slave States and even in some pro-slavery Churches in the free States. They are consonant to the spirit and tendency of slavery. It is plain, too, that if it is right and scriptural to hold in chattel bondage the children of those who were once stolen from Africa, it is equally right and scriptural to steal men and women now for the purpose of enslaving them. So we do not well understand how religious slaveholders can avoid encouraging slave-trading to the coast of Africa, to Asia, and to some parts of Europe, and possibly, if they could only be caught and kept in the hold of a slaver, a few good plantation hands might be found, who need conversion, among the crazy, infidel Abolitionists that prowl about Lynn and Marblehead!

If the Bible and religion sanctify slaveholding, they sanctify slave-trading also. That is as plain as a pike-staff. As it has become necessary, in this age of progress, to justify slavery from the Bible, and to attempt to cover its ugly deformity with the garb of Christian charity, so the necessity is equally urgent to justify slave-trading and sanctify it as a missionary enterprise. It has this decided advantage over other missionary undertakings, that it is self-supporting. It will not need heavy contributions to be levied upon slaveholding Churches, to sustain it. To this, we presume, with all their liberality, they will not object. All that will be required will be a little encouragement from the pulpit and resolutions of approval from ecclesiastical bodies. The prospect is that it will not be long wanting these. The reverend gentlemen who can prove so conclusively from scripture that slaveholding is right, can with equal facility prove from the same source that slave-trading is a proper work for evangelizing the world. Are not the heathen given to the Church for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession? Did not the old Puritan fathers of New England justify their taking possession of the Indian country upon the ground that the Lord had given the earth to the saints, and that they were the saints? It would be strange, indeed, if slave-trading as well as slaveholding could not be made out to be just and Christian by such clear, strong and invincible logic.

Taking such high ground as this may possibly widen the breach between the pro-slavery Churches and those with strong anti-slavery tendencies. But it has happened in all ages and countries that those who sought a purer faith and practice, and more conformable to primitive Christianity, had to separate from their less enlightened and less scrupulous brethren. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that professing Christians, whose religion justifies darkening the intellects, embruting the souls, and trafficking in the bodies of men and women, and often of Christian brothers and sisters, will be much troubled with misgiving or compunctions about separating from their Christian brethren of the white race, if it should be deemed necessary, as it seems to be, to build up a great theological slaveholding and slave-trading despotism in America.

CASE OF THE SUNKEN SLAVER.

AFFIDAVIT OF WILLIAM KING.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, }
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK. }

WILLIAM KING, being sworn, says that he was born in one of the Western Islands, and was brought up in Lisbon; that he is 23 years of age; that he came to the United States about 12 years ago, and since that time has followed the sea in different parts of the world; that he has taken no steps towards becoming a citizen of the United States; that in the month of February last he sailed as able seaman in the ship Haidee, from the port and city of New York, of which one Whitney was master; she was bound for Gibraltar; the name of the first mate was Macomber, and that of the second mate Coleman; that the reputed owner of said ship was one Boutelle, a Portuguese; that said Boutelle sailed in said ship on the voyage spoken of; there were twelve men before the mast, besides the cook and steward and six passengers; that said ship, on said voyage, put into the port of Cadiz for repairs, and thence sailed to Gibralter; she discharged cargo there and remained about three weeks; from there said vessel sailed to Cadiz in ballast, and at Cadiz she took in some rice, and flour, and beans, and sailed from Cadiz, as the captain informed the crew, bound for St. Michael's, West Indies; but instead of going to St. Michael's, she went directly to the west coast of Africa and landed at the port of ——; that at Cadiz the ship was joined by two Portuguese men named Thomas and Viera, besides the reputed owner, Boutelle, who had left the ship on her arrival at Cadiz; that the three last named proceeded with the ship to the coast of Africa; that the six passengers above mentioned left the ship at Cadiz on the arrival out; that after arriving at the coast of Africa, Viera left the ship at the port of —— with letters; the ship waited in port about three hours, when Viera sent word on board for her to proceed to sea; the ship then cruised about forty days, during which time she landed at an island and took in water; at the end of the forty days the vessel returned to said port of —— and lay there one day and night; the next morning a cargo of negroes, consisting of eleven hundred and thirty-three or four in number, was brought on board as slaves; that they were natives, as deponent believes, of Africa; that the taking in of the negroes occupied the forepart of the day, and the ship sailed the afternoon of the same day, and went directly to the island of Cuba, West Indies; that deponent cannot state the length of the passage; that the ship arrived off Cardenas in the afternoon and anchored; that at about half-past eight o'clock the same evening two Spaniards came on board and made arrangements for taking off the negroes; they talked and made arrangements with the captain, and Boutelle, and Viera; the next day at about half past six o'clock in the morning two boats came alongside and took all the negroes that remained alive on shore; about 200 had died on the voyage; that after the negroes were landed, Boutelle, Viera and Thomas all went on shore, leaving the vessel in charge of the first mate, who told the crew that she was cleared for New Orleans; that the vessel then immediately got under way, and went out to sea; on the next day the mate called all hands aft, and stated that the vessel had no papers; he asked the crew what they had made up their minds to do; they replied that they had no mind to make up, and did not know what to do; the mate then said, "Well, we had better go to Long Island; we shall be safe there"; the crew assented, and the ship sailed direct to Montauk Point, which was made in about ten days; that, after making the land, the mate, Macomber, said, "Now, we had better scuttle the ship and land to-night"; the ship was accordingly scuttled, by boring holes in the sides, which were plugged; the ship then made a tack out to sea because it was daylight yet; that after dark she came back within about five miles of land; that Macomber then said, "Those who want to land at Montauk Point can do so"; that thereupon deponent and seven others got into a boat; that the names of the seven were as follows: José Frank, José Caetano, Antonio ——, José Marie, John Battiste, Philip Wilson, and —— Balyar; that Battiste is an Italian, Balyar a Spaniard, and the others Portuguese; that the boat was kept off shore until the next morning, when it was landed at Montauk Point; that from Montauk deponent and the other seven above mentioned went on the same day to Sag Harbor; and the next day deponent, with José Marie and Caetano, went to Greenport, and from Greenport to New London, and thence to New York, after remaining at New London about 24 hours.

Deponent says that the crew were paid off before sailing from Cuba, and after the landing of the negroes; and the deponent says that the said Boutelle, Thomas and Viera, José Marie, John Battiste, Philip Wilson, Balyar, Macomber, Coleman, besides James or John Doe, Maurice, Oliver Jackson, William Jack (the cook), Jack McLeod, and a man known on board said ship as "Baltimore," did seize the said eleven hundred and thirty-three or four negroes, not being held to service or labor by the laws of either of the States or Territories of the United States, with the intent to make the said negroes slaves, and did forcibly bring and carry and receive said negroes on board of said vessel or ship, with the intent to make said negroes slaves; and that the said Viera did land from said ship or vessel on a foreign shore, to wit, the shore of Africa, and did seize, bring and carry, and receive said negroes on board said ship, with intent as aforesaid, contrary to the provisions of the statutes in such case made and provided, and further deponent saith not.

Sworn before me, this 29th day of September, 1858.
R. E. STILWELL, U. S. Commissioner.

DEMOCRATIC FLUNKEYS.

OUR Jenkins has begun to extend his operations to the Presidential court, and we should not wonder if we shortly had a daily circular announcing that Mr. Buchanan took a walk in the grounds of the White House for five minutes before breakfast on the previous day, in company with Colonel Titus and Dr. Atchison; that in the afternoon he took his usual nap, and, to the surprise of his attendants, did not snore; that in the evening he wrote a letter, and used an adhesive envelope, supplying moisture thereto by an application of his tongue, and that Miss Lane took carriage exercise at her usual hour in a barouche. An approach to this is being made weekly by strolling anecdote-mongers, whose reports find admission to the columns of papers that ought to offer better matter to their readers. From some motive or other, or probably from no motive at all, but from the sheer efflorescence of folly, these gentry are trying to make it appear an astonishing circumstance that President Buchanan does not

colored people are by no means a dangerous class. It was not against them, but against a portion of our free and enlightened Anglo-Saxon race, that it became necessary to provide a costly police—and yet we are not aware that these free and enlightened rowdies are generally taxpayers. Suppose you tax them five dollars a head, to pay the expenses of keeping them in order! Granted that the names of these people figure extensively in "our watch returns"—have we forgotten the regulation that subjects every free colored person out at night, after ten, without a pass, to arrest and confinement in the watch-house? This is a special reason why they figure so largely in "our watch returns"—but for this administration of justice, or rather injustice, *they* bear the expenses. It is hardly decent to tax them five dollars a head, in addition to their fines!

But, will you punish a whole class because some of them are disorderly—tax all free negroes five dollars a head because some free negroes are taken up at night, for being out later than ten o'clock, or are convicted of petit larceny? And will you tax all free negroes five dollars a head, when a large portion of them, being property-holders, are already taxed at the same rate as other people? Finally, what right have you to inflict an unjust, invidious and oppressive tax on a free colored man, born in the District, always resident here, and a property-holder, for the purpose of keeping out a colored emigrant from Virginia?

The whole proposition is absurd, wicked and cruel.—*National Era.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

TO DONORS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

PLANTATION PRAYING AND PREACHING.

WE spoke, some weeks ago, of the absurdity of receiving the declarations of slaves, made either spontaneously in the presence of their masters or their masters' guests, or in reply to questions asked by those persons, as proof, or as in the slightest degree reliable evidence, that they are satisfied with their condition; that they love their masters; that they prefer not to be free; that they pity or despise free negroes; and that the idea of living at the North is altogether intolerable to them. We spoke of the impudence of presenting such stuff as this to the Northern people as proof that the slaves generally, or even the sly rascals who make these declarations, are contented with slavery; and of the softness and verdancy of those who receive this stuff as proving what it asserts, and do *not* perceive that he who presents it to them as such proof must of course be either a knave or a fool.

There is another form of this absurdity, equally false and silly with the one just mentioned, in that it presents as evidence that which is *not* evidence—offers you a counterfeit article for the real—and more wicked, inasmuch as those retailers of it who are not fools mix hypocrisy with their impudence. We refer to the use commonly made of that department of plantation discipline which is named at the head of this article; to the romantic little narratives of plantation praying and preaching, and of the marrying and burying of slaves, current in the "religious" newspapers; to the cases in which a pious lady or gentleman of the North, visiting a dear slaveholding brother or sister in Christ, and having an opportunity to witness the religious exercises of the cattle belonging to the estate, cannot help writing to the New York *Observer* to tell how great are the spiritual privileges of the slaves; how intensely they love their masters; how fervently they pray for their masters; how richly their masters merit that love by making assiduous provision for the welfare of their souls; how affecting is the solicitude which leads the master himself to attend the rude prayings and preachings of the slaves; and how satisfactory it is to hear with one's own ears, from the slaves themselves, statements so different from those made by the horrid Abolitionists.

This latter form of humbug is more pernicious, as well as more wicked, than the former, inasmuch as the people who are to be influenced by it have formally renounced the use of their intellectual faculties in regard to the spiritual department of human welfare, and all things connected with it. They are accustomed, in the meetings of the Tract Society and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in the Monthly Concert and the Business Men's prayer-meeting, in the *Missionary Herald* and the New York *Observer*, to swallow without question everything that is wrapped up in a prayer. They assume, as a matter of course, that the vehicle sanctifies the contents, and they no more think of objecting to slavery, piously served up, with a grace before and a grace after it, than a child to aloes in a "sugar-coated pill"; and the education by which they have been taught to regard pious talk as piety makes them swallow whatever is presented to them enveloped in that mixture not only with unquestioning docility, as the pupils of Mrs. Squeers did her brimstone and molasses, but with joyful alacrity.

To attract, if it can be done, is far easier, and more satisfactory in every way, than to drive. The slaveholders cannot keep their chattels securely without help from the Northern people. How to attract them cheerfully to give this help—how to induce them actively to uphold a thing so inherently detestable as slavery, regardless of its injurious influence upon their own credit, and character, and welfare—this is the problem! In the departments of business and politics, the solution of it is very easy. Avarice and ambition are indifferent to the sin and the shame, and are always ready to exchange permanent welfare for present honor and profit. But to gain the co-operation of the Church in this work, to attract piety to the support of slavery, both the sin and the shame must have a cloak of pretence. Here it is. This is the method of operation.

Invent a benevolent or otherwise praiseworthy motive in the slaveholder for the central vice of slaveholding itself, and for each of its constituent or collateral vices, and invent an advantage to the slaves themselves as the natural and actual result of each of these, and, whenever slavery is spoken of, quietly assume these to be *the* motives and *the* results, intermixing ejaculations of gratitude to the Providence which has accomplished so much good for the African race.

We will give some examples of the application of this rule from an *expert*—one whom practice has made perfect in this sort of humbug—the *New York Observer*. They occur in a narrative, with highly finished rhetorical illustrations, entitled "Plantation Praying and Preaching," which tells what the writer saw on accepting the kind invitation of a friend to visit her "lovely" Southern country seat.

HOW TO EXCUSE DEFICIENCIES IN THE "NEGRO QUARTER":

Some distance below the iron-grated entrance to the grounds and only half-showing through the dark foreground of pines, do you see these substantial cottage-like buildings? They are the residences of the servants, and, when completed, will form quite a pretty village.

Somehow or other, the completion which is to render this sort of "village" *pretty* always remains in the future; and the huts look "substantial and cottage-like" only when "half-shown through a dark fore-ground of pines."

HOW TO INSINUATE THAT THE SLAVES ARE CONTENTED, AND THAT THEIR ATTENDANCE ON THE SUNDAY SERVICES ARRANGED BY THEIR "OWNER" IS A CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGE:

The old "quarter" is to the left of the mansion house, and on Sabbath mornings you may see the colored inmates of these different habitations gathering, with contented, cheerful deportment, to their place of worship, for,

> "Their's, too, the Christian privilege to share
> The weekly festival of praise and prayer;
> For them the Sabbath shines with holier light,
> The air is balmier and the sky more bright."

True, there is one good reason for the cheerfulness of the slaves, in this transfer from the secular "overseer" to the spiritual one; the latter bears no whip, and the work is easier.

HOW TO REPRESENT THE SUCCESS OF THE SPIRITUAL OVERSEER IN PERSUADING SLAVES THAT GOD REQUIRES OF THEM SUBMISSION AND OBEDIENCE, AND THE SATISFACTION OF THE SLAVEHOLDER IN THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THIS WORK, AS EVIDENCE THAT THE SAID OVERSEER EXERTS A "SALUTARY" INFLUENCE, AND IS AN "EXCELLENT" MAN:

The owner of this plantation employs a regularly licensed colored minister of the Methodist denomination to labor among his servants, who, since the commencement of his ministry, has organized a "society," preaches to them frequently, and seems to exert a salutary influence. He is regarded by his patrons as an excellent man and is much beloved by his flock.

If this regularly licensed colored minister were to preach from the text—"If thou mayst be made free, use it rather"—would his "patrons" *then* regard him as an excellent man? Would he not have the experience of handcuffs and the whipping-post? And does not the knowledge of this stimulate him to exercise the particular sort of influence which the slaveholders will deem "salutary"?

HOW TO INTIMATE THAT "EMINENT GRAVITY" IS AS EFFECTIVE WITH BLACK SHEEP AS WITH WHITE ONES; AND THAT A SHEPHERD CAN FATTEN AND SHEAR THE FORMER CLASS SATISFACTORILY, EVEN IF HE HAS ONLY "THE RUDIMENTS" OF AN ENGLISH EDUCATION:

In fact there is an air about "Uncle Bentley" that commands confidence; his physiognomy is eminently characteristic of kindly genial feeling; his bearing, as he walks and talks, is of itself a sermon. Possessing only the rudiments of an English education, he really delivers remarkably correct and pointed sermons, that are often listened to with satisfaction even by his employers.

HOW TO BEAUTIFY AND SANCTIFY THAT LAW OF THE SLAVEHOLDERS WHICH FORBIDS SLAVES TO HOLD ANY MEETING, EVEN FOR RELIGIOUS PURPOSES, WITHOUT THE SUPERVISORY PRESENCE OF A WHITE MAN:

The presence of these last (the "employers," the pious name for slaveholders) seems to encourage their servants no little, causing them to feel that they indeed care for their souls, and are anxious to have them saved.

"*Seems*" to encourage them! Appearances are deceitful, indeed, in this case!

HOW TO GIVE A PIOUS COLORING TO THE UNQUESTIONABLE FACT THAT ASSENT TO THE SORT OF PREACING SERVED OUT TO THE SLAVES IS QUITE INCOMPATIBLE WITH ANY EXERCISE OF INTELLECT:

After singing, one of the patriarchs of the plantation arose, and, the preacher being absent, delivered a short exhortation, plain, earnest and containing much of the pure Gospel. He could have explained the way of salvation better than some of the world's wisest philosophers, for the faith of the unlettered African is essentially a *heart-faith*, and as such is worth more than any mere assent of the intellect, which exerts no practical influence.

ANOTHER WAY OF EXPRESSING THE FACT THAT THE SORT OF RELIGION CULTIVATED BY SLAVEHOLDERS AMONG SLAVES OPERATES BETTER WITHOUT INTELLIGENCE OR ACTIVITY OF MIND THAN WITH THEM:

It will not do to apply to their religion the strict rule and plummet line that measures the depths of matured and educated intellect and colder temperaments.

We should think not. If weighed, it would certainly be found wanting.

HOW TO INTIMATE THAT WHAT "UNCLE BENTLEY" IS ALLOWED TO PRESENT TO HIS FELLOW-SLAVES, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THEIR "OWNER," IS REALLY A MEANS OF SALVATION, AND THAT, IF THIS BENEFIT IS SECURED TO THEM IN THE NEXT WORLD, THEY MAY JUST AS WELL REMAIN SLAVES IN THIS:

Enough that they embrace the saving doctrines of the Gospel, and that its precious truths linger on their lips, a consolation in life, a support in death.

HOW TO BE STRUCK WITH THE SIGNIFICANCE AND THE HEARTINESS OF COMPLIMENTARY FLUNKEYISM UTTERED BY THE SLAVES IN PRESENCE OF THE SLAVEHOLDER OR HIS SPIES:

It struck me that in not one of the many prayers offered did the suppliants fail to make mention of their kind masters and invoke blessings on their heads, and the hearty "*Amen*" that united voices sent up at these petitions was pleasant to hear.

If we suppose for a moment, just for the sake of argument, that one of those slaves might possibly have thought his master cruel instead of kind, and wished to invoke curses on him instead of blessings, is it probable he would have chosen that time and place to do it? If we suppose for a moment that another, having accidentally discovered that his wife was to be sold away from him, had made arrangements to fly with her that very night, would he not be likely to shout "Amen" to the petitions in question with unusual earnestness and vigor, by way of averting suspicion?

HOW TO DRESS UP IN ATTRACTIVE STYLE THE STIGMA OF "LOW CASTE" IMPOSED BY THE SLAVEHOLDERS UPON THE SLAVES EVEN IN THEIR BURIAL-GROUND:

On Sabbath evening my young friends went with me to the burial place of colored people, which is situated in a pleasant hill-side grove, about a mile from the house. Here we rested for a long time, in the shade of the pines, inhaling the perfume of the crab-apple blossoms, the fragrance of which loaded the atmosphere.

Our last elegant extract shall show

HOW TO REPRESENT GOD AS THE PATRON OF SLAVERY, SLAVEHOLDERS AS THE PIOUS EXECUTORS OF HIS WILL, AND THE FOREIGN SLAVE TRADE AS A SATISFACTORY MOVEMENT TOWARDS THE FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY:

"Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands to God," said one of the prophets, as from the mount of vision he scanned with adoring faith the workings of Providence with the coming generations, that passed in stately procession before his eye, opened by power divine. Centuries have hurried by, overturning, overturning, in the affairs of man, till at length the prophecy is fulfilled, Ethiopia does stretch out her hands to God, and from many a palm-fringed river, to many a lodging in the desert, is borne the beloved name of Jesus the crucified, and in other lands, beneath the gleamings of other skies, do Ethiopia's descendants verify the prophetic strain. Surely "God hath chosen the foolish things of earth to confound the wise."

This is the use which is made of the most solemn and affecting language of religion by the editors of "religious" newspapers, the officers of the Tract and Missionary Societies, and the clergy of all the popular sects. They deliberately use the name of God, and refer to His providence and His purposes, and call up the associations connected with the life and death of His Son Jesus, for the purpose of upholding American slavery! Some of them claim to own their fellow church-members; some of them defend such ownership by an attempt at argument; some of them elaborately seek to clothe it in attractive colors by weaving around it the language of sensibility and piety—by a mixture of romantic incident and devout phraseology; some of them calumniate the Abolitionists, and seek to throw discredit upon every attempt, either to interfere with the tyranny or to protect its victims; all these fraternize together as members of the American Church, which they profanely call the Church *of Christ*; and all of them are zealously engaged in propagating the American pro-slavery religion, the diffusion of which, by revivals and otherwise, prepares more and more persons to accept the pious talk above quoted as evidence of a religious character, and as sanctifying the grossest violations of common humanity and justice, as well as of Christian love. Shall the pretence of piety used by these people suffice to screen them from scrutiny, exposure and condemnation? Is it not the deepest aggravation of their guilt?

Oppression of the weak by the strong is a great sin. The commission of this sin, recognizing it as such, and disregarding the guilt for the sake of the attendant profit, is a very great evil. The miseducation of the people in a matter so important as religion is a real calamity to a nation. The toleration of popular sin by those who are officially appointed and relied upon to rebuke sin and enjoin holiness is one of the surest signs of approaching ruin. Under each of these forms of sin and evil our nation is now suffering. But the preëminent, the gigantic sin which distinguishes us as a people (and which passes without notice and without rebuke except by the Abolitionists) is a compound of these—the perversion of religious truth by the teachers of religion *for the purpose* of excusing, upholding and perpetuating an enormous system of oppression.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.—It is probable, we hear, that the Rev. HENRY BLEBY, Wesleyan Missionary from Barbadoes, will address a public meeting in the Church of the Puritans (Rev. Dr. Cheever's) on Wednesday evening next. If the contemplated arrangement is effected, the meeting will be seasonably advertised in the daily papers. We trust our readers in this city will be eager to embrace such an opportunity for hearing the testimony of an eye-witness as to the workings of emancipation. Mr. Bleby is an interesting and forcible speaker.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE ultimate object of this Society is the abolition of American slavery; its immediate end the conversion of the people of Pennsylvania to anti-slavery doctrines.

This Commonwealth once enjoyed a proud eminence in her relation to the cause of human freedom. From her chief city, then the capital of the State and nation, was first published the glorious doctrine that "all men are created equal." From the same city, as the centre of operations, issued those benign influences which put a period to slavery in this State, and which contributed so largely to the same result in States adjoining. For, aided by her citizens and influenced by her example, New York and New Jersey adopted emancipation acts substantially similar to that of Pennsylvania. The most distinguished names in the history of the State are those which were made so by their possessors' devotion to the cause of liberty; and the most creditable chapter in her annals is that which records the emancipation of her slaves.

A brief reference to this act, and a recital of the chief facts which, as cause and effect, preceded and followed it, will not be irrelevant to our present task, nor perhaps altogether unedifying.

The first organized efforts for the abolition of slavery in the United States were made in Pennsylvania. The old Abolition Society, taking its name from the State, had its nucleus in an association formed in Philadelphia as early as the year 1775. A little company, chiefly Quakers, met at the Sun Tavern, in Second street, on the 14th of April of that year, and formed themselves into an association, under the unpretending title of "The Society for the Relief of Free Negroes unlawfully held in bondage." The operations of this Society and of the members composing it took a wider range than would be inferred from its name. Among its most active colaborers was the well-known philanthropist, Anthony Benezet.

In the year 1787 this Association was reorganized and placed on a broader basis, taking the title of the "Pennsylvania Society for the Abolition of Slavery, the relief of Free Negroes unlawfully held in bondage, and for improving the condition of the African race." The object of the Society thus defined in its title is still more distinctly set forth in the Preamble to its Constitution and By-Laws, which is as follows:

"It having pleased the Creator of the world to make of one flesh all the children of men, it becomes them to consult and promote each other's happiness, as members of one family, however diversified they may be by color, situation, religion or different states of society. It is more especially the duty of those persons who profess to maintain for themselves the rights of human nature, and who acknowledge the obligation of Christianity to use such means as are in their power, to extend the blessings of freedom to every part of the human race; and in a more particular manner to such of their fellow-creatures as are entitled to their freedom by the laws and constitutions of any of the United States, and who, notwithstanding, are detained in bondage by fraud or violence. From a full conviction of the truth and obligation of these principles—from a desire to diffuse them wherever the miseries and vices of slavery exist, and in humble confidence of the favor and support of the Father of mankind—the subscribers have associated themselves under the title of 'The Pennsylvania Society,' &c."

The first elected officers of the Society under its new organization were: President—Benjamin Franklin; Vice-Presidents—James Pemberton, Jonathan Penrose; Secretaries—Benjamin Rush, Tench Cox; Treasurer—James Starr; Counsellors—William Lewis, John D. Cox, Miers Fisher and William Rawle—all honored names in the history of Pennsylvania, and two of them signers of the Declaration of Independence. That the Society was not a dead form, but a living, active body, is seen in the fact that at its first meeting it ordered a thousand copies of its Preamble and Constitution to be printed for distribution, directing its Secretaries to send a copy to each of the Governors of the States, with a copy also of Clarkson's essay on the "Commerce and Slavery of the Africans." Another of its measures, adopted at a subsequent meeting, was a petition to Congress, couched in the following words:

"From a persuasion that equal liberty was originally the portion and is still the birthright of all men, your memorialists conceive themselves bound to use all justifiable measures to loosen the bonds of slavery, and to promote a general enjoyment of the blessings of freedom. Under these impressions they earnestly entreat your serious attention to the subject of slavery; that you would be pleased to countenance the restoration of liberty to those unhappy people who alone, in this land of freedom, are degraded into perpetual bondage, and who, amidst the general joy of surrounding freemen, are groaning in servile subjection; that you will devise means for removing this inconsistency from the character of the American people; that you will promote mercy and justice towards this distressed race, and that you will step to the very verge of the powers vested in you for discouraging every species of traffic in the persons of our fellow-men."

This petition was signed by Benjamin Franklin, President of the Society.

Among the members of the old Pennsylvania Abolition Society the records show such names as that of Hon. Richard Peters, Judge of the District Court, and of Rev. John Andrews, D.D., Provost of the University of Pennsylvania; of Thomas Savery, merchant and member of the Society of Friends, and of Thomas Paine, author of "Common Sense" and "The Age of Reason." Among its honorary members were Dr. Price, the eminent philanthropist of London, and the Abbés Gregoire and Raynal and the Marquis de La Fayette of France. Thus it will be seen that in those days Quaker and priest, civilian and soldier, Christian and infidel worked side by side in the holy cause of emancipation. That this was not done without risk on the part of some to religious reputation is a matter of no doubtful inference. The hue and cry against infidelity was perhaps as loud then as it is now. The French Encyclopedists, at that time at the height of their popularity, were the dread of religious and political conservatives everywhere, and French Jacobinism was in no better repute or regarded with no more favor in those days than Garrisonian abolitionism is at the present; and yet Christian ministers and religious laymen united with people who were understood to hold or favor the most latitudinarian doctrine, and all labored together for the slave's redemption. It is to these men, members of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society and their coadjutors, that this Commonwealth is indebted for what she enjoys of credit and advantage growing out of the fact of her being a free State.

On the 8th of November, 1779, the public mind having been duly agitated, a bill was introduced into the General Assembly providing for the gradual abolition of slavery in the State. On the 15th of February following, after much discussion and strong opposition, that bill became a law. It was but a partial measure of justice, to be sure, but it was all that the philanthropy of that day demanded. The doctrine of "Immediate, not Gradual, Emancipation," first advocated by Elizabeth Heyrick, in a pamphlet bearing that title, and subsequently adopted by Wilberforce and his coadjutors, was not broached until nearly half a century after that period. Our fathers appear, therefore, to have acted up to the light of their time. If their mode of emancipation was not wisely devised, it was well intended, and the good spirit that prompted and aided in its execution did much to counteract the evils of its plan. What that spirit was may be inferred from the preamble which introduces the act, and which reads thus:

"We conceive it to be our duty, and rejoice that it is in our power, to extend a portion of the freedom to others which has been extended to us. * * * It is not for us to inquire why, in the creation of mankind, the inhabitants of the earth were distinguished by a difference of features and complexion. It is sufficient to know that all are the work of an Almighty hand. We find in the distribution of the human species that the most fertile as well as the most barren parts of the earth are inhabited by men of different complexions; from whence we may reasonably infer that He who placed them in their various situations hath extended equally His care and protection to all, and that it becometh not us to counteract His mercies. We esteem it a peculiar blessing granted to us that we are this day enabled to add one more step to universal civilization by removing the sorrows of those who have lived in undeserved bondage, and from which, by the assumed authority of the Kings of Great Britain, no effectual relief could be obtained. Weaned by a long course of experience from those narrow prejudices and partialities we had imbibed, we find our hearts enlarged with kindness towards men of all conditions and nations; and we conceive ourselves, at this particular period, extraordinarily called upon, by the blessing which we have received, to manifest the sincerity of our professions and give a substantial proof of our gratitude."

Such was the spirit of Pennsylvania seventy-eight years ago, as expressed in her legislative action.

It is not to be inferred, however, that this was the feeling of the people universally. Proof to the contrary is seen in the strong opposition that was made to the measure, and in the solemn protest that was placed on the minutes against it. The record of the yeas and nays shows that out of 55 members present, 34 voted for the bill and 21 against it; and the signatures to the protest show that this number of 21 was afterwards increased to 23.

It is instructive in reading this protest to notice the points of resemblance as well as of difference between the objections made to emancipation then and now. The protestants urge, of course, the dangers of emancipation—the dangers, first, to themselves, and, second, to their more southern brethren, and especially the danger—as they express it—of "weakening that body of which this State is a member"—in other words, of weakening "the Union"; its "dissolution" had not then become a matter of apprehension.

The "2d" objection of the protest is thus expressed: "Because, notwithstanding we approve and are sensible of the humanity of manumitting slaves in times of peace, we cannot think this the proper time, since the seat of war is likely to be transferred to the southward * * * * and the sound of freedom that may go forth from this law may lead the negroes of those States to a demand of immediate and entire freedom, or to other disorders which may end in the greatest cruelties which an ignorant and desperate people can be capable of committing."

The "3d" ground of protest has its basis in prejudice against color, and shows that our forefathers were what would now be called "amalgamationists." The language runs thus:

"Because if the time were come when the slaves might be safely emancipated, we could not agree to their being made free citizens in so extensive a manner as this law proposes; we think they would have been well satisfied and the Legislature would have sufficiently answered their main purposes had these unhappy people been enabled to enjoy the fruits of their labor, and have been protected in their lives and property in the manner white persons are, without giving them the right of voting and being voted into offices, intermarrying with white persons, and being witnesses in every respect during the limited time of their servitude—which we fear in some instances may ruin families."

This protest is instructive as indicating the public sentiment of the State in its earlier and purer days on the subject of prejudice against color.

For a quarter of a century the Pennsylvania Abolition Society maintained a vigorous existence. During the first ten years after the abolition act, voluntary manumissions, in anticipation of the period fixed by law, were so frequent that, from this and other causes, the number of slaves was reduced from 10,000 to little more than 3,000; and during the following ten years, according to an estimate made by Thomas Jefferson, not less than 10,000 slaves were voluntarily emancipated in the State of Virginia.

But the people of that generation passed away, and their spirit was not transmitted to their successors. The generation which followed had a less lively appreciation of the blessings of liberty and were not so much alive to the evils of oppression. Slavery, which had been covertly tolerated in the Federal Constitution, in the vain hope, on the part of some, that it would die a natural death, only secured by this means a new lease of its life. It grew in power and increased in extent, while the opposing spirit of freedom, in all parts of the country, gave evidence of decline. In the South it disappeared, in the North it languished. "Hitherto," says the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, in its address for the year 1809, "the approving voice of the community and the liberal interpretation of the laws have smoothed the path of duty and promoted a satisfactory issue to our humane exertions. At present, however, the sentiments of our fellow-citizens and the decisions of our Courts are less auspicious."

On a previous occasion, speaking of the failure of the South to send delegates to the Annual Abolition Convention at Washington, they say:

"It is a subject of serious regret that these Annual Associations have of late years been destitute of representatives from those States wherein the evil which we desire to eradicate most extensively prevails. Exertions have not been wanting on our part to arouse the dormant spirit of the friends of our enslaved fellow-men, but those exertions have proved unavailing. To what is this to be attributed? We believe the true reason why ostensible and public measures are not pursued by the advocates of abolition in the Southern States will be found in a pretty general impression that it would not, under existing circumstances and in the present temper of the public mind, be expedient or useful. The extreme unpopularity of all combined attempts has, therefore, introduced the substitution of individual interference as particular urgencies require. *Perhaps it may be questioned whether, all things considered, this plan may not be the most eligible.*"

Thus it will be observed that as early as the year 1805, the time when this language was used, the Pennsylvania Abolition Society was disposed to succumb to the rising spirit of slavery. From this period dates the decline of the anti-slavery spirit in Pennsylvania. Partly as the cause and partly as the effect of this decline, the slave system increased in power and spread in extent. In 1813 it was strengthened by the purchase of the Territory of Louisiana, a vast region, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lake of the Woods, and from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. In 1812, the *State* of Louisiana, formed out of the lower part of this territory, was added to the Union, greatly adding to the strength of the slave system. In 1819, so powerful had the system become that the slaveholders demanded the admission of Missouri, another portion of the Louisiana territory, into the Union as a slave State. Strenuous opposition was made to this by the North, and a long and violent contest ensued, in which Pennsylvania took a conspicuous and honorable part. Her whole moral and chief political weight was thrown into the scale of freedom, and she showed herself to be still animated by a share of her early spirit. But her efforts were not sufficiently sturdy, and the opposition proved unavailing. The contest terminated in the triumph of the South. Enough of "Doughfaces," as they were called by John Randolph, then for the first time, were found to yield to the threats of the slaveholders and betray the cause of freedom. Of these, out of a delegation of twenty-three, Pennsylvania furnished two; Massachusetts, out of a representation of fourteen, furnished four. The relative position of these two States at that time was greatly in favor of Pennsylvania. Since then, however, the case has been reversed. Massachusetts has shot ahead in the race of freedom, and Pennsylvania, which once led the van, to her shame be it said, now lags in the rear.

The triumph of the slaveholders in the Missouri contest gave a blow to the abolitionism of that day, from which it never recovered. Local Societies in this and and other States died out, and the Pennsylvania Society thenceforward confined its attention chiefly to efforts for the benefit of free people of color.

In the meanwhile, the Colonization Society, a new organization, holding diametrically opposite doctrines, claimed and received the public favor. The right of the master to his slave, the invincibility of prejudice against color, the evil of emancipation on the soil, and the obligation to remove the free colored people to Africa or elsewhere, were the doctrines which this Society held and inculcated. With these doctrines the public mind became saturated; and at the end of the ten years ensuing the Missouri struggle, the demoralization of Pennsylvania was almost complete.

Such was the state of things when, in 1831, Mr. Garrison started *The Liberator*, demanding immediate and unconditional emancipation as the right of the slave and the duty of the master. This was the dawning of a new era, and it was hailed with joy by many Pennsylvanians who had not yielded to the corruptions of the times nor "bowed the knee to the dark spirit of slavery." For although the anti-slavery spirit had languished in Pennsylvania, it had never died out. The *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, an anti-slavery paper conducted by Benjamin Lundy, that earlier pioneer of freedom, had many subscribers in Pennsylvania, and the cause in this State was at no time left without a witness. The second Anti-Slavery Society established in the United States, based on immediate emancipation, was formed in Pennsylvania. It was the Clarkson Association of Lancaster and Chester Counties, a Society which, from that time to this, has maintained an active and useful existence.

In 1832 Mr. Garrison gave to the world his "Thoughts on Colonization." This publication, following up, as it did, the eloquent testimony which had been previously borne against the Society by the colored people of Philadelphia, gave a blow to that unrighteous scheme which was the beginning of its end. For, although it afterwards acquired a greater number of advocates, and may have actually enjoyed a larger degree of popularity, its hold upon the public confidence was broken, and its subsequent culmination was only a prelude to its decline. It has, since then, subsided into very narrow limits, and the functions which it now performs rarely bring it into collision with the anti-slavery movement.

In 1833 the American Anti-Slavery Society was organized, and Philadelphia was the place of its formation. Numerous Anti-Slavery Societies were established in this and other States, and in 1836 the organization of the anti-slavery movement in this Commonwealth was made complete by the formation of this, the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, whose Twenty-second Anniversary we are now celebrating.

The history of the movement, as within the bounds of this Society, is familiar to you all. Its progress during the first few years of its existence was a continual struggle against persecution and brute violence; but it moved steadily forward, increasing in power and growing in influence. In 1838 so numerous and confident had its advocates become that they erected a beautiful and costly edifice in Philadelphia for the use of the cause, and consecrated it to free discussion. The mob, without hindrance from the authorities, set it on fire and reduced it to ruins. But the outrage failed of its purpose. The Abolitionists continued in their course with unabated zeal, and the right of free discussion was, from that time forth, decisively settled.

In 1842 the last and most atrocious outbreak of popular violence that had yet occurred marked another stage in the progress of the cause. In this instance the colored people were the objects of attack. They had been celebrating the emancipation of their brethren in the West Indies by a public procession and appropriate banners, some of which, by doing honor to the magnanimity of Great Britain, contained an implied reflection upon the people of this country. This was more than the mob could bear. Foiled in their previous attempts to put down the Abolitionists, they now seemed resolved to crush the people of color. They attacked the procession with stones and other missiles, drove those who composed it before their fury, and for three days pursued the unoffending objects of their hate with unrelenting persecution. Setting law and authority at defiance, they burned churches, sacked private houses and compelled their inmates to seek safety in flight beyond the limits of the city. But they overdid their work. A reaction ensued, which, fostered and favored by this Society, put the perpetrators and abettors of these outrages to shame, and secured a measure of redress for their victims. An increased sympathy for the colored man and an augmented regard for his rights were manifested from that time forward.

In 1847 the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in answer to the prayer of Abolitionists, passed an act repealing from the statute books of the State certain relics contained therein of the old system of slavery, and forbidding all State officers to aid in the capture of fugitive slaves, and prohibiting the use of their jails for the imprisonment of persons thus apprehended.

In 1850 anti-slavery had become so powerful, and had done so much to impair the tenure by which slaveholders on the border States held their property, that the aid of the Federal Government was invoked in the passage of the Fugitive Slave law. That law the Abolitionists denounced as infamous, and, appealing to the rising love of liberty in the people, avowed their purpose to trample it under foot. The government, on the other hand, proclaimed their determination to execute it at all hazards; and here the issue was joined. Pennsylvania, from her geographical position and the large number of refugees within her borders, became the national battle-ground for the two parties. Apprehensions and renditions under the new act were frequent, disgracefully frequent; but they were not made without resistance. In one instance this resistance was unto blood. The Methodist class-leader Gorsuch, coming with a body of armed slave-catchers, at midnight, into one of our peaceful valleys to recapture an escaped fugitive, paid with his life the forfeit of his rashness. Hanway and Lewis, Scarlet and Jackson, Clarkson and Williams, and twenty-four others, were arrested and imprisoned as accessories before the fact, and put on trial for High Treason. No pains were spared to inflame the public mind against them; but it was of no avail. The people's indignation was roused, a strong reaction ensued against the government, and the prisoners were triumphantly acquitted. This trial virtually determined the contest between the government and the people. Since that time the Fugitive Slave law of 1850 has been of no more force than that of 1793, the inadequacies of which it was designed to remedy.

The next stage in the progress of our movement was the passage of the Kansas and Nebraska bill, and the election of James Buchanan to the Presidency. These two events, following each other in quick succession, bring us to the present period of our anti-slavery history. Pennsylvania took a part in both that was more conspicuous than creditable. In the passage of the Kansas bill, the unconcealed object of which was to increase the power of slavery by adding a new slave State to the Union, Pennsylvania furnished a larger number of votes in Congress than any other free State. In the election of Mr. Buchanan, the most unscrupulously pro-slavery President that has yet held the reins of our government, Pennsylvania shut her eyes to the truth, stopped her ears against evidence, and, insisting on believing a lie, cast her electoral vote for a man who had notoriously come under pledges to use the power of the government for the benefit of slavery. The fact was before them that Mr. Buchanan, speaking through his special friend, Samuel W. Black, of this State, and using the expressive language of Ruth to Naomi, had said to the slaveholders at the Cincinnati Convention:

"Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy God shall be my God, and thy people shall be my people; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and mine also if aught but death part thee and me."

That Mr. Buchanan has redeemed the pledge thus given to the best of his ability, no one will question. No entreaties have prevailed with him to leave the slaveholders or to cease for a moment from following after them. Where they have gone he has gone, and where they have lodged he has lodged. Their God has been his God; and it would really seem as though literally nothing but death would part him and them. Body and soul, he has surrendered himself to their use; and more than this, he has done what he could to make a similar surrender of his State. But happily this was a task to which his power was not adequate. With all the patronage of the government in his hands, and with the aid of such Pennsylvanians as Black in the Cabinet, Bigler in the Senate, Florence, Phillips and the two Joneses, and the rest of the infamous tools who voted for the admission of Kansas as a slave State, in the House, he has not been able to transfer either his State or his party in it to the service of slavery. On the contrary, his efforts have proved thus far a total failure, and Pennsylvania stands immovably opposed to the policy of her "favorite son" on the question of extending slavery. Even the men of easy virtue in Congress, whom he had persuaded for awhile into the support of his course, now, when confronted with their constituents, and obliged to make efforts to secure their reëlection, abandon his policy and pledge themselves in advance to vote for the admission of Kansas as a free State, when she may present herself, with or without the requisite population.

These facts indicate the present state of public feeling in Pennsylvania on the subject of slavery. So far as that question is involved in the political issues of the day, Pennsylvania is against slavery and in favor of freedom. The *entente cordiale* which used to exist between her Democracy and the slaveholders has been broken, party ties are sundered, and the people of Pennsylvania and the Slave Power of the South now occupy toward each other a position of antagonism.

This is not saying much to be sure, especially in consideration of what remains to be done; but it is saying something, and something which, in view of the difficulties that have been overcome, deserves to be here recorded as a matter of encouragement. It indicates that the anti-slavery movement, whose history we have been tracing in its origin, culmination, decline and subsequent resuscitation, is again on its upward and onward way, hastening to a result which, if its friends prove faithful, will be a glorious triumph. Pennsylvania has not yet been converted to anti-slavery doctrines—the end proposed by this Society—far from it; but she is changing. Hard to move and slow to make progress, she is, nevertheless, steadily, if not rapidly, advancing. Her geographical position and the character of a large portion of her population have been formidable hindrances to her progress. Abutting against three slave States; with a slave border of nearly 400 miles in length; populated to a larger extent than any other Northern State with slaveholders; with a vast Boötia of ignorance in her interior, she has had drawbacks to her advancement with which, to the same extent, no other State has been burdened. Nevertheless, as we have seen, she is moving forward with a steady and certain step. On every hand are visible evidences of improvement. In politics the signs are especially striking. Democrats who used to make their election sure by professing hostility to anti-slavery and fidelity to the South, now seek the same ends by protestations precisely the opposite. Mr. Buchanan secured the electoral vote of Pennsylvania by private professions of friendliness to Kansas as a free State; and now the men who followed him in Congress in falsifying his professions are asking to be elected on the ground of their readiness to vote for the admission of Kansas under a free constitution, with or without the requisite proportion of population. These things we record for our encouragement. The cause in this State is advancing; *Pennsylvania is returning to her original position as the declared friend of impartial and universal freedom.* To this end, as the immediate object of this Society, we are laboring; that accomplished, the ultimate result will not be far distant. The same principles and measures which have brought us thus far, if faithfully adhered to, will carry us through.

What our principles are may be thus stated: Slavery is a sin against God and an outrage upon man; liberty is the inalienable prerogative of every human being; unconditional emancipation is the immediate duty of the master and instant right of the slave; the colored man is, before God, and should be before the law, in all respects, our equal brother.

The exemplification of these principles in our own conduct, and their faithful application, by consistent moral means to the conduct of others, constitute our measures.

Our end being nothing less than the entire abolition of slavery, we cannot identify ourselves or take part with any political organization, the object of which is merely to localize or limit the atrocious system; on the contrary, we feel bound to combat and resist all such organizations as compromising the cause of freedom and retarding its triumph.

Regarding the colored man as our equal brother, we can have no fellowship with those Churches which allow him to be held as a slave, or which withhold from him any of the rights to which, as a man, he is entitled; on the contrary, looking upon such Churches as the unfruitful works of darkness,

DEATH OF WILLIAM JAY.

The Hon. William Jay, whose valuable contributions to our current anti-slavery literature long since made his name a household word among Abolitionists, died at his residence near Bedford, Westchester County, on Thursday, the 14th inst. He had suffered much for several years from disease of the heart, and it is this, we presume, which has at last terminated his useful life. He was 69 years of age. As early as 1835, at the very time when the whole land was filled with mobocratic excitement against abolitionism, Judge Jay had the courage to espouse the anti-slavery cause and to publish a book in its defence; and from that period down to the very day of his death he steadfastly adhered to the principles thus early avowed. He has been a subscriber to The Standard for many years, and, so long as his health permitted him to leave his house, his deep interest in the cause made him a frequent visitor at the office of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The words of counsel and encouragement which we have received from him on such occasions we shall never forget. The following notice of his life and character we copy from *The Tribune*:

"Judge Jay was the second son of Chief-Justice Jay, and was born June 16, 1789. He graduated at Yale College in 1808, and afterward read law with Mr. John B. Henry at Albany. The greater part of his life has been spent at the family country-seat, near Bedford, Westchester County, which he inherited on the death of his father in 1829. He was appointed the First Judge of Westchester County by Gov. Tompkins, and his reappointment to that office was successively made by Governors Clinton, Marcy and Van Buren.

"Judge Jay inherited his father's strong abhorrence of chattel slavery. As to Chief-Justice Jay, the father, may be attributed, more than to any other one man, the abolition of negro bondage in this State, so to Judge William Jay, the son, the future will give the credit of having been one of the earliest advocates of the modern anti-slavery movement which at this moment influences so radically the politics, the religion and the philanthropy of this country, and of having guided by his writings, in a large measure, the direction which a cause so important and so conservative of the best and most precious rights of the people should take. His earlier works were for many years, and, to some degree, are still, the best text-books upon the institution of slavery, its immense influence upon the character of the Federal Government, and of our social polity, the dangers which from that source we had as a nation to apprehend, and the responsibility which, therefore, belonged to us as citizens and Christians, and his zeal and ability in this cause were never wanting, and for more than twenty years he has made himself felt in various benevolent and religious associations, which, in his estimation, were wanting in their duty in regard to it. The Tract Society and the Bible Society, of which latter Association he was one of the founders, may thank him or blame him—as the case may be—for the position in which they now stand before the world in relation to slavery. His vigorous mind, however, was not exclusively devoted to this one topic. Beside the professional and judicial duties which occupied him for so many years, he found time to discharge a filial duty by writing the life of his father, and added to the historical treasury of the country two large volumes compiled partially from the writings of that eminent man, which he had left as a precious legacy to his children.

"Judge Jay was a man of large benevolence, and the wealth which he inherited and made was used, not for purposes of display, or for any selfish object, but, in a great measure, as a trust wherewith those about him who were in need should be relieved of suffering, and that those who came after him should find a world the better for his having been in it. His loss will be severely felt by a large, but comparatively private, circle; how great was the good he did will, perhaps, be better recognized when a generation shall have followed him."

From the same paper we copy the following account of the funeral ceremonies:

On Sunday last all that was mortal of Judge Jay, of Bedford, was committed to the grave in the churchyard of St. Matthew's Church, near the village of Bedford. We chronicled, a few days since, the death of this good man, and on Sunday last we attended his funeral. The ceremony was in keeping with the simplicity of his life and the dignity of his death.

The relatives of the family gathered together at the old family mansion where the departed man had so long presided, and where his father before him had retired from the cares of state to prepare for another world. As the hour for the ordinary services of the Sabbath approached, the long procession moved away with the body toward the church of which he had been for many years a member. Neighbors and friends joined in to lengthen the line. Old servants white with years, and poor folk who had many a time shared the sympathy and the bounty of the old Judge, waited under the trees and followed in the procession to do their last reverence to the head of

"the good house,
That loved the people well"

There were none in Westchester County on that Sabbath day that were not aware who had passed away, and all, by their silent presence or their private grief, expressed their respect for the dead. Farm wagons waited on the roads that joined the way to the church, and stood till the procession passed, to fall in the line of march. There were old men that had known the Governor, and had pleasant memories of his greatness—men that had played with the Judge, and measured the nearness of their own death by his departure; children that had shared his ready smile; negroes he had succored and taught; and they all followed the hearse. The rolling country that lies between the Jay House and the little Episcopal church, where the family worships, was clothed in the richness of autumn. Maple, sumac, hickory and oak, were all tinted and scarlet, yellow and brown, and their leaves fell under the warm sun like snow on the orchards and the road and the homely churchyard, half filled with old graves. The autumn day was hazy with purple dust, and all along the hills the shocks of corn, like the good man, fully ripe, were garnered home.

At the church the services were conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Edward B. Boggs, assisted by Dr. McVicker, of New York, a near relative of the deceased, and Mr. Partridge, the former pastor of the church. The sermon was properly in keeping with the circumstances. It gave no eulogium upon the dead, nor recounted any of his deeds, or those of his ancestors. It merely held up his Christian virtues as the lustre and example of his life, and enforced the great truth of the text that Judge Jay died in repeating, and ordered carved on his tombstone:

"Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath eternal life."

The pall-bearers who carried the body to the grave were all the near neighbors of the deceased, and some of them had been friends of his father. They were Mr. James Haight, Dr. Keeler, Mr. George W. Miller, Mr. William Woodcock, Mr. Raymond, Dr. Lockwood, Mr. Field, and Mr. Walter Lyon.

The burial-ground where the body was placed lies directly adjoining the church, which is situated about a mile from the village of Bedford. Here lie, waiting their final summons, many members of the family who have gone before, their tombstones shaded by the ancient trees that have grown round the close and in the parsonage yard. The grave of the Judge was placed by the side of his wife, who had been awaiting him at the trysting place one year, and amid his kindred, who are sleeping in the hope of the great resurrection. The parish of St. Matthew, where the services were performed, is one of the most ancient in the State, and was instituted in the year 1694. It seems a pleasant place, with its quaint building, its venerable trees, and sculptured texts, preaching to the living, and it now has another grave that tells to its survivors, in mute language, the true dignity of life in this world, and the way of life to the world that is to come.

Southerners Visiting a Colored School.—Governor Brown of Florida, Hon. D. S. Walker, Superintendent of Public Instruction in that State, Mrs. Walker, and Mme. Le Vert of Mobile visited, on Saturday last, some of the New York Schools, and among the rest the colored school in Mulberry street. The scholars were subjected to an examination in the presence of the guests, and we understand that they acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner. Mr. Randall, the State Superintendent of Schools, being present, introduced Gov. Brown, who is reported to have made the following address:

"I have sympathy with all; I am glad to see in all the spirit of improvement. Education is the great source of happiness. Education is the parent of virtue, and education and virtue will make you all noble and respectable. You secure a greater share of happiness by attention to education. Without it life would be a burden. With education and virtue as conditions, any life must be happy. Whether you or your posterity go back to your native land and raise over it the banner of liberty, you will be a happy people; and you may carry the banner of Christianity where it is now unknown. I shall go back to my native State with a feeling of gratification that I have witnessed this. I wish you all happiness and prosperity."

The Hon. Mr. Walker, the Superintendent of Public Instruction in Florida, also delivered an address, which is thus reported:

"It has given me a great deal of pleasure, my young friends, to have the privilege of making this visit. I may say that few things I have seen anywhere have given me more gratification than this. To see the cultivation of the human mind under all circumstances, by all the members of the human family, is always pleasant. I have visited several of the schools of this city. I have witnessed in no other examination to ascertain what progress they have made, but I will say that I have been profoundly gratified in hearing the answers which you have given to the questions which have been put to you by your esteemed City Superintendent, Mr. Randall. They show that your teachers have done their duty to you, and that you have done your duty to yourselves. It is beyond my power to give full expression to my gratification. I will unite with my friends in the prayer that your course may be onward, and that Heaven may constantly shower its choicest blessings upon you."

If Gov. Brown and the Hon. Mr. Walker were as much gratified as they professed to be by what they saw in this colored school—and we certainly shall not presume to question their sincerity—with what feelings of indignation must they regard the laws of the Southern States forbidding the education of the people of color and degrading the great majority of them to the condition of chattels!

The feelings of the scholars in respect to the country which makes color the badge of social degradation were exhibited by an incident which must have made a deep impression upon the gentlemen from Florida, and which *The Tribune* thus relates:

"After more singing, an exhibition of the capacities of the Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine by one of the scholars (for sewing is taught in the school) and some reading by a very little girl who stood up on a seat, Mr. Walker suggested the singing of 'Hail Columbia.' To show a peculiarity of the school, the singing-master, Mr. Petit, played through the tune, but not more than a dozen of the scholars sang. Mr. Petit afterward explained that he had never been able to induce teachers and scholars to sing any of the patriotic tunes; they said that it wasn't a free country for black people, and they could not call it a 'happy land.' Mr. Walker, with the truest gentlemanliness, regretted that he had asked them to sing anything against which they had so natural a repugnance, and requested that they would sing, for a parting song, something with which they were familiar. They sang a Kansas song."

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, Oct. 18, 1858.

The engrossing theme here, with all classes, is still the Election. The overthrow of the pro-slavery Democracy of this State is complete. The "unterrified" are panic-stricken, and their opponents are absolute masters of the field. Such a *bouleversement* in politics Pennsylvania has never before seen; and all decent men rejoice in it.

This State has long been ruled by a set of profligate politicians, through a corrupt party, for their own benefit and the advantage of the South. Their power has of late been growing weaker year by year, but not until now has it been fairly broken. In 1856, by superhuman effort and *sub*-human villany—by the grossest frauds and most barefaced treachery—they carried the State for local officers and secured the electoral vote for the Presidency. The people found out that they had been cheated, and that the State, through their fault, had been disgraced. They resolved upon revenge; and on every hand was expressed the purpose that the credit of the Commonwealth should be redeemed. The first fruits of this purpose were seen in the defeat, last spring, of the Buchanan candidate for Mayor of this city; the second are now visible in the utter rout and discomfiture of the Democratic forces throughout the length and breadth of the State.

Of the 25 Representatives elected to the next Congress—which begins its sessions in December, 1859—only two, according to returns thus far received, are supporters of Mr. Buchanan in his pro-slavery policy. This puts us back as a State—so far as is indicated by our Federal representation—to the point from which we date our apostacy; that is to the position we occupied during the Missouri struggle, when two "doughfaces" in the House—Henry Baldwin and David Fullerton—voted with the South and for the extension of slavery.

But it is doubtful whether Mr. Buchanan, as the right hand of the Slave Power, will have even two in the House from his own State to do him reverence. Florence's majority, according to the returns, is only 331; and it is said there will be no difficulty in proving that this many and more that were cast for him were palpably fraudulent. The means resorted to, in the way of abuse of power and patronage on the part of the government, to secure the return of this creature are astounding, and under any other administration than that of Mr. Buchanan would be absolutely incredible. It would have been well for the President had they failed utterly of success, for in that case their character would have been soon lost sight of in the general joy of the victors. Now, however, they will be made a subject of investigation, and their baseness, as in the case of the Kansas outrages, will become a matter of record against the administration which sanctioned them.

As the case now stands, Mr. Buchanan will be supported, on the part of his own State, in the next Congress, by 2 out of the 25 delegates; William H. Dimmick and Thomas B. Florence—one a nobody and the other a good deal worse than a nobody. Dimmick represents a Cimmerian district in the interior, known in politics as the "Tenth Legion," from its unvarying Democratic vote; and he fitly represents it; and Florence represents, and that as fitly, the Administration, which elects him.

The Opposition have elected, by immense majorities, their whole State ticket, and have returned enough of members to the Senate and House at Harrisburg to give them the control of the Legislature on joint ballot. It is probable that more than two-thirds of the popular branch will be Opposition. The majority for John M. Reed, candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, will probably not be less than 40,000; that for William Millward, for Congress, from this city, in place of Henry M. Phillips, the "Israelite with Egyptian principles" and the man who did the "Philadelphia Lawyer" for the Lecompton swindle, was 3,298; while that for Thaddeus Stevens, to represent Mr. Buchanan's own County of Lancaster, was 3,173!

The election of Mr. Reed and Mr. Stevens, and that by such large majorities, shows that things are not now in Pennsylvania as they once were—when Hanway and Lewis were on trial for treason, and these two gentlemen acted as their counsel; when "loyalty to the South" was the watchword of the Democracy, and "down with the Abolitionists" the slogan of victory. These war-cries have lost their potency. When tried as they were in a few instances in this last campaign, their effect was to rally supporters to the standard of the Opposition.

John M. Reed will now take the place on the bench formerly occupied by Judge Black, at present Attorney-General and the President's constitutional adviser, and subsequently by Judge Lewis, who now pettifogs for the Administration in this city and impatiently waits the turn of the wheel by which he hopes to rise to something better. Mr. Reed is a very different and a very superior man to both. Indeed he is one of the most distinguished jurists, as well as one of the most liberal-minded men, in the State. His elevation to the Bench is regarded generally as a most gratifying circumstance. It is an important step toward a result the accomplishment of which must precede the abolition of slavery; that is the entire renovation of the State Judiciary.

If Mr. Reed's friend and quondam client, Passmore Williamson, should now have occasion to ask for a writ of habeas corpus, as he had when in Moyamensing for alleged "contempt," and when Black and Lewis were on the bench, he would probably receive a very different answer from what was given him by those worthies.

By the way, it will devolve upon Mr. Reed, now Judge, to try that very case of Williamson versus Lewis, for refusing the habeas corpus. For you must remember that Passmore Williamson is a man who, like his father, never lets go his grip. He has followed Judge Lewis with a steady step, pursuing him through all his devices and baffling him in all his attempts to escape the legal consequences of his malfeasance in office. Judge Lewis, now no longer Judge, will have to take his chance before twelve of his peers, and show cause why he should not pay, as the law directs, the sum of $300 to Passmore Williamson for refusing, when rightfully demanded, the writ of habeas corpus. The case will probably come up for trial in December, in which event it will devolve on Judge John M. Reed to instruct the jury in the law of the matter. Mr. Williamson's object is not the money, but to obtain a verdict and put the facts of his case on record.

The Congressional delegation from this State will be the ablest, probably, that Pennsylvania has ever sent to Washington. It does not embrace any very brilliant men, but it includes some very able ones; such, for instance, as Thaddeus Stevens, Galusha A. Grow and John Hickman, whose qualities, from their past services, are well known to the community. Then there are among the new members some who are said to be strong men. Of this character, according to reputation, are Judge Hale of Centre County, Elijah Babbit of Erie, James K. Moorhead of Alleghany, Edward McPherson, of Adams, and S. Steel Blair of Blair County. E. Joy Morris of this city is a pretty speaker, and a man of some ability. John P. Verre, though not perhaps so ready a speaker, is an equally sensible one, and a man, in other respects, of a good deal more ability. Wm. Millward, of the IVth District, can't speak, but his friends say he can fight. John Wood, of the Vth, has yet to convince the public that he can do either, but he may prove himself a more useful member than if he were an adept at both. He has the reputation of being a good business man, and such men are needed. Campbell of Schuylkill is a ready speaker, and so is Killenger of Dauphin; so is also Montgomery of Westmoreland, though he has the reputation of being, in other respects, a very scurvy fellow. John Covode of Mercer is a sensible man and a very respectable speaker. Scranton of Luzerne is spoken of as one of the most energetic and enterprising business men in the State. He is an extensive iron-master, and wears the military appellation of "Colonel," from which it might be inferred, in any country but this, that he was a soldier. Schwartz of Berks is also an iron-master, and he too rejoices in a military title. *Major* Schwartz is the successor elect to the renowned John Glancy Jones, and will doubtless much more truly and faithfully represent his constituents than does that glib-tongued demagogue. Of the rest, Longenecker, Junkin, McKnight, Stewart and Hall, I know nothing, and, therefore, cannot speak of their qualities. Though not yet known to fame, there may be among them superior men.

In profession the members elect seem to be either lawyers or iron-masters—or both, as in the case of Thaddeus Stevens. Of orators the Pennsylvania delegation will have quite enough. Unless a man can speak with marked ability, so as to command attention in a body like that of Congress, he had better hold his tongue. Your fourth-rate orators, who make speeches to empty benches or unlistening audiences for home consumption, are great nuisances, and are no credit to the State they represent.

The pro-slavery papers at Washington are trying to neutralize the force of the election as an expression of public opinion, by pretending that the question at issue was a local one, involving merely State interests. And some of our Pennsylvanians, of narrow views, or who have their own purposes to serve by so doing, are quite willing to favor this view. But it is entirely a mistake. *The* question at issue all over the State was that of slavery as presented by the efforts of the Administration to extend that curse into Kansas and elsewhere. No other question excited any enthusiasm, except so far as it was connected with this. The only appeals which elicited hearty responses were those which were addressed to the people's love of liberty and hatred of oppression—their regard for justice and their contempt of fraud. If any feeling was excited on the subject of the tariff, it was where the argument was made in behalf of free labor and Northern industry, as against slave labor and Southern domination. The tariff, as a question of sordid interest or class preference, would not have been entertained in any assembly with a moment's intelligent approbation.

What the people of Pennsylvania have demanded on this question, and what they do now demand, as per their vote last Tuesday, is that the interests of Pennsylvania, industrial or other, shall not be postponed to those of Virginia, South Carolina, or any other State; that she shall have the weight to which she is justly entitled in the legislation of the country; and that in the imposition of certain home duties and other measures adopted professedly for the common benefit, a just regard shall be paid to her interests. This is what the people ask; those who demand more for her do so without the people's authority.

The people are right, as they always are, in the long run. They may be imposed upon, or they may be temporarily blinded by prejudice or passion, but their instincts can always be relied upon to bring them all right in the end. They are right in demanding, as they did, by their majorities for Wood and Hickman, Verree and Millward, Schwartz, Scranton and Stevens, that Pennsylvania shall have a voice in the Federal Government as potential, in proportion to her wealth, population and services to the country, as Virginia or the Carolinas, Georgia or Mississippi. Let them press their claims, till they find out, as find out they will, that they never can have their just share of influence, or their proper advantages, or even their natural rights, under the Compact which binds them, till they will they, to the car of slavery. Let them find out, as some of them are already discovering, that here is the first error, and that until the fatal defect in the foundation be cured it is in vain to tinker with the superstructure. This they will have to learn for themselves, as the Abolitionists have learned before them. In the meantime, till they acquire the lesson, ours be the duty to convince them that in consenting to aid in the enslavement of others, they have enslaved themselves, and that their duty and interest alike require them to break the bonds which hold them in degrading bondage. Let no one, after what has already been accomplished, regard this as a hopeless undertaking. The State that can be taught to spurn from her presence her "favorite son" for his treachery to freedom can be persuaded, for the same reasons, to dissolve partnership with those for whom the treason was committed. M.

CANADA AND FELLOWSHIP WITH SLAVERY.

Stratford, C. W., Oct. 11, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Sir: A stray number of the Anti-Slavery Standard of September 18 has come across my path in reading, sent with several others, by a valued friend in the anti-slavery cause in Canada, Mr. Henning, of Toronto, which reveals to me the proceedings in Vermont in the tour of Messrs. Garrison and May through that State, regarding the expositions of the position of the Churches of Christ in relation to that curse in America, namely—slavery.

A thought has occurred to me, in the perusal of that Vermont tour, that if Messrs. Garrison and May, or any other well-known and reliable friends of the anti-slavery cause, were to visit the cities and chief towns in Canada (East and West), and give a veritable exposition of the question, "what is fellowship with slavery?" it would be doing the anti-slavery cause in Canada a never-to-be-regretted service.

That fellowship with slavery—yes, with slavery in its slaveholding Churches and professed Christian, though a slavery-abiding, people of the United States—has been for half a century, and exists, in Canada, *free*, liberal and humane as our province really is in its institutions and government, dare not with truth be denied.

Whether the undeniable hypocrisy of denouncing chattel slavery as it exists in the United States, and at the same time *fellowshipping* with Churches and bodies of professed Christians who directly or indirectly support slavery, and are also *mute* and *dumb* against the curse, is a greater sin before God, and before mankind, than the open and satanic enslaving and selling of a portion of God's man and womankind, would not be a very abstruse point to determine; and the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, and the Baptist Church (excepting that portion represented by the Rev. R. Dick, Toronto, C. W.), are not free from this sinful and hateful fellowship. A farther inquiry into the habits and ways of the Congregationalist Church in Canada (and its backing of the American Tract Society), and of the Upper Canada Tract Society and other relative branches in Canada, East and West—with *the ease* by which the Free Presbyterian Church of Canada endorses the publications of the Old School slaveholding Presbyterian Church of the United States, and recommends them to its people in Canada, and the reception of unanimity, so far, by the Episcopal Church of England in Canada of the Episcopal Church in the United States—with many other proclivities by religious bodies in Canada, show plainly *that there is not in Canada*, with these bodies, *a hearty* cursing and denouncing of slavery and slavery fellowship. I exempt the New Connection Methodists of Canada from the above.

A visit and exposition of the subject referred to would be advancing the anti slavery cause in Canada, and helping the friends of freedom to the slave in the United States—say to the following places in Canada, viz., Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, Sherbrooke, St. John's, Ottawa, Cornwall, Brookville, Kingston, Cabourg, Oshawa, Toronto, Guelph, Hamilton, St. Catherines, Niagara, Brantford, Woodstock, London, Chatham, Windsor, and Sarina. They are all, or nearly so, accessible by railroad.

I have, previous to 1858, directed some attention to the subject, and throughout Canada denounced the fellowship I have alluded to—but family griefs and trials have kept me silent for some months past. I have occasionally sent you some printed papers.

Respectfully, Sir, your obedient servant,
John J. E. Linton.

CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

In the Report of the proceedings of our recent Anniversary meeting at West Chester, published in your last paper, I notice an isolated remark of mine on the subject of "injudicious action," without the least intimation of the matter I referred to, and following remarks on a subject by another speaker, to which I had no allusion.

I expressed a desire that we might be cautious when speaking on the subject of the recent religious revival throughout the land; firmly believing that otherwise we should injure the cause we are endeavoring to promote. I remarked that we must discriminate between the work of God and the work of man. I observed, substantially, that when I saw the man of profanity now fearing an oath, the drunkard become sober, the man who had lived without God confessing his sins and seeking divine mercy, I recognized the grace of God. I expressed my assurance that the fact of persons uniting with Churches having some ecclesiastical connection with slaveholders was not evidence that they were not converted to God; and that if we are permitted to enter the kingdom of Heaven, we shall meet many there who, the past year, have been prepared for that blessedness.

Although I cannot acknowledge the American Church, in the mass, to be the Church of Jesus Christ, I believe that it includes many of his true disciples, who ought to come out from every congregation which maintains any ecclesiastical connection with those who violate the divine command to "break every yoke and to let the oppressed go free."

At present I will only add, that "the recent revival must be judged by its influence on the character and action of" its professed subjects.

Yours for the slave, Henry Grew.

Philadelphia, Oct. 16, 1858.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXXXVI.

The Argument.—The Correspondent doth justice to the Republicans and Gov. Banks—He commendeth Retrenchment—And praiseth the old Whigs and maketh comparisons that are odorous—He giveth an account how the last Session was shortened—He speaketh disrespectfully of dignities—But commendeth the nomination of Mr. Charles F. Adams—He comforteth the readers as to Captain Townsend—And defendeth the Judges and President from scandalous suspicions—He is astronomical and speaketh well of the Comet, and concludeth, &c., &c., &c.

Boston, Oct. 11, 1858.

I may as well begin my letter by an act of justice. In my last, when giving an account of the Republican Convention at Worcester, I censured the resolution declaring it to be the principal duty of legislators to be in their places and attend to the duties they had undertaken, as aimed at Mr. Sumner and intended to procure his resignation. I am assured, by one who knows, that there was no such purpose wrapped up in the resolution; that it was aimed merely at the members of our own Great and General Court, who, living at convenient distances on railways, favored short sessions, begiuning late in the morning and ending early in the afternoon, and thus dawdling away their own time and the people's money. Gov. Banks has identified himself with the policy of retrenchment, of which short sessions are a material part and parcel, and undoubtedly favored, and might have suggested, this resolution, but only with an eye to home consumption. The case of a Senator or Representative in Congress was not included in it, and, especially, that of one who was chosen after the cause of his disability had occurred and, in a degree, because of it. My informant assured me, further, that Gov. Banks was strongly in favor of Mr. Sumner's holding on to his place, even if incapacitated to occupy it, as a part of the record made up by Massachusetts against the South, and that, as far as he was concerned, the resolution had no squint in that direction.

For one, I most cordially concur in the policy of any Governor or party who takes up seriously and successfully the reduction of our State expenses. Under the reign of the Gardner faction the State tax ran up from nothing to a million of dollars. This inflammation of our yearly bills may have begun under the Republicans, and I rather think it did, but it had not reached the pitch of aggravation it obtained during the Gardner dynasty. We looked back with regret, almost, to the days when Whigs were in the land and lorded it over this part of God's heritage. I must do the Whigs the justice to say that they were pecuniarily honest, as a general thing, and did not seek out ways and means for extorting money for their creatures out of their poor old mother. They were insolent and overbearing and seemed to think that they had been really born booted and spurred to ride the State with a curb-bit; but the leading Whigs were men of character, and generally men of fortune, who did not look upon the pecuniary perquisites of their State offices as matters of any consequence. They loved power at home, and they loved still more plotting with the slaveholders to bring about the election of a President that should give them a chance at the prizes in the Wheel of the Grand National Lottery. But they didn't pick and steal.

It was this kind of manœuvering that lost them their *prestige* in this State and elsewhere, and ground them to powder and scattered them to the four winds of heaven, so that their very name has no more a place in the nation. But, while in power, they did rule us economically, and such a thing as a State tax was hardly heard of. But as soon as the Whigs had gone to their own place, a set of hungry wretches, as obscure as they were hungry, finding themselves, they scarcely knew how, in possession of power, sought to improve the brief moment by helping themselves with both hands and turning the pockets of the poor old State inside out. And this they did to such good purpose that they ran up our annual State tax to a million dollars. Governor Banks's administration, last year, reduced it to half a million, to the material comfort of debilitated tax-payers; and if he will go on in the good work and cut it down to a still lower figure, his name shall be a household word in all our borders, and he may become President of the United States, as soon as he pleases afterwards, if he would condescend to such a place of low estate, after being Governor of Massachusetts. One part of the plan of reduction of the expenses of the State was by cutting short the duration of the sessions of the Legislature. This was effected by a coalition of the Boston members and the members from the remoter parts of the State who could not reach their household gods every day, who conspired together against those who could, and, by giving up the mornings to committees, and sitting late until they had done their day's work, succeeded in curtailing their legislative existence materially. And it was to back up this policy by the endorsement of the Convention that the resolution which helped me half through my letter was introduced into it. This being the case, it certainly deserved no censure, but, contrariwise, all praise and honor. Of course, you understand that this State tax was additional to all the city, town and county taxes. By itself, it would have been a very insignificant burden; but put on the top of all the rest, it wrung the withers of the galled jade that had to carry it.

The politicians in this State are making their nominations for Congress. In general, they are of the class of illustrious obscurities from which American public men are usually selected. Time was when one knew by name the Congressmen from his own State, unless it were as big as yours or Ohio; but now no one pretends to encumber his memory with any such utterly useless information. There is one honorable exception, however, this year, made by the Republicans in the nomination of Mr. Charles Francis Adams. This gentleman was so eminently fitted for a seat in Congress, and the sense of the general insignificance of our delegation was so keen, that there was an almost universal feeling that he must be sent to qualify the frothy flatness of the stale and unprofitable remainder. Though there was a good deal of pains taken in other directions, and next to none at all in his, and certainly none by himself, he received on the informal ballot more than eighty votes out of less than a hundred and thirty, on which he was nominated by acclamation. I presume there is but little question of his election, and, once in the House, I imagine he will keep as strong a hold upon it as his father before him. I am mistaken if he do not succeed to that great man's place as well as to his seat, and take the leadership of the Anti-Slavocratic party in the lower House.

No particular change has taken place in the circumstances of our interesting captive, Captain Townsend, the "elegant and accomplished" commander of the slaver Echo. You may be sure he is well treated, and perfectly certain that he is entirely safe. We shall never be guilty of the ill-breeding of breaking the neck of so attractive, well-dressed and agreeable a stranger. And, besides, the absurd inconsistency of the action should save us from any danger of committing it. It is not likely that a discreet United States Marshal, such as the one we possess, with the prescriptive illegalities enjoyed by him for selecting juries from maritime districts, and the process provided by our Judges for keeping the pannel free from any element of malignancy—it is not likely, we say, that a jury will be placed in the box capable of pronouncing so attractive a mariner guilty of any offence against the laws. And, if this should inadvertently take place, and should the Judges be so derelict to the prime duties of their office as to overrule the questions as to the jurisdiction, and actually sentence him to be hanged, it would be to think too hardly of our venerable Chief Magistrate to suppose that he would hesitate about interposing his prerogative of mercy between the gallows and so interesting a victim. How could he have the face to sign the Death Warrant, when he knows that fleets of vessels, and, what is quite as bad, trains of cars, are daily carrying cargoes of slaves from one jurisdiction to another, with greater circumstances of cruelty than those attending on the African trade, when we consider all the circumstances of their case? I cannot think him capable of being so false to the very first principles of Presidential duty, and to the just expectations which were formed of him when he was first elevated to his great office.

What do you suppose the Comet portends? One cannot marvel that mankind, before the natural history of these erratic strangers was so well understood as now, should have supposed that they must be the heralds of some dire event. When the earth was supposed to be a vast plain and the firmament a canopy studded with stars, exactly commensurate with it, they might well have trembled at the sight of such an interloper, coming apparently down plump upon their heads. And in later times than these, and after the constitutions of the heavens and earth were somewhat understood, they still shook ominous conjectures on men's minds from their "horrid hair." Cotton Mather's book of marvels is full of the signs and wonders which were manifested in the Heavens, signifying woes to come. Sometimes it was an Indian war and sometimes a French invasion, or else the death of some eminent saint. I don't remember whether it is he, or some earlier New England writer, who relates that when Mr. John Cotton, the famous Puritan minister, was on his death-bed, a comet appeared in the skies, which disappeared on his death! Perhaps the fiery chariot sent to convey him to Paradise. It is certainly a memory for a lifetime to have seen so splendid an apparition as the one now rushing from the sun towards regions of space, whence, astronomers tell us, it will never return again into our system. D. Y.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

The undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the Anti-Slavery Cause, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the National Anti-Slavery Standard, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to the Cause.

Maria Weston Chapman,	Lydia D. Parker,
Mary May,	Eliza F. Eddy,
Louisa Loring,	Abby Francis,
Eliza Lee Follen,	Sarah Russell May,
L. Maria Child,	Abby Kelley Foster,
Henrietta Sargent,	Sarah H. Southwick,
Anne Warren Weston,	Evelina A. S. Smith,
Mary Gray Chapman,	Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Helen Eliza Garrison,	Augusta G. King,
Sarah Shaw Russell,	Elizabeth Von Armin,
Frances Mary Robbins,	Anna Shaw Greene,
Caroline Weston,	Eliza H. Apthorp,
Mary Willey,	Mattie Griffith,
Sarah Blake Shaw,	Mary Elizabeth Sargent,
Susan C. Cabot,	Anne Langdon Alger.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Committee call upon their fellow-laborers for efforts for the Twenty-third Annual Fair, to be held in Philadelphia in December next.

To those who have long labored in this department of Anti-Slavery work there is not need to speak of its value and efficiency. To others we would say, give us your services for the slave's sake and for the sake of your own moral natures. Enlist with us in laboring for the emancipation of one-seventh of your own countrymen from a tyranny which European despots no longer tolerate.

Let there be a genuine "Revival" of faith in the Right and of works of justice and mercy, blessing him that gives and him that receives.

The products of the manufacturer and of the farmer, with the works of skill and taste, will be appropriate offerings to the cause.

There is need that the next Fair should surpass all previous ones in pecuniary results; for the times demand that the trumpet-call of the Abolitionists should sound louder and louder above the din of the political arena and the controversies of ecclesiastical organizations.

Sarah Pugh,	Anna M. Hopper,
Harriet D. Purvis,	Mary Grew,
Lucretia Mott,	Margaret J. Burleigh,
Lydia Gillingham,	Elizabeth Gay,
Sarah A. McKim,	Rosanna Thompson,
Maria M. Davis,	Maria Conklin,
Clementine R. John,	Sarah Peirce,
Margaret A. Griscom,	Martha Kimber,
Anna Shoemaker,	Mary Shaw,
Abby Kimber,	Janette Jackson,
Sarah L. Child,	Rachel Wilson,
Eveline Supplee,	Marian Jane Mitchell,
Martha A. Galvin,	Caroline Wise,
Rebecca Parmly,	Emily W. Taylor,
Elizabeth Carman,	Rebecca S. Hart,
Mary A. Hall,	Lydia White,
Emma Parker,	Elizabeth Magee,
Elizabeth M. Davis,	Elizabeth J. Lewis,
Sarah Kenderdine,	Margaretta Forten,
Susan W. Shaw,	Hannah L. Stickney,
Huldah Justice,	Mary T. Stickney,
Martha Carman,	Gulielma M. Jones.

E. H. Heywood, at the request of friends of the cause, will hold himself in readiness to speak for the slave as opportunities may be presented. He has permission to refer to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe of Andover, Mass., Wendell Phillips, Esq., of Boston, and Rev. Dr. Cheever of New York. His post-office address for the present will be Hubbardston, Mass.

To relieve himself of a debt incurred in pursuing his studies, Mr. H. will be glad to speak before Lyceums, if occasion is offered. His subject for the coming winter will be, *Individualism and Institutionalism.*

Mr. Garrison at Harrisburg.—Mr. Garrison delivered an anti-slavery address in Harrisburg, Pa., on the evening of the 11th inst., which, though it was listened to by a small audience (owing to the shortness of the notice and the fact that it was the eve of an exciting election), nevertheless is said to have made a most happy and useful impression. The Abolitionists who were present were revived, and those who were not of this fold were enlightened. The friends who were active in getting up the meeting express themselves in the most grateful terms to Mr. Garrison for his excellent and opportune discourse.

The Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, which occupies a considerable portion of our space this week, is not a paper of merely local interest and value, but worthy the careful attention of the friends of the cause in every part of the country. In a historical point of view, especially, it presents many points of interest and encouragement for those who have toiled long and faithfully for the overthrow of slavery, and who are sometimes tempted to despond in view of the slow advancement of the cause.

University of Michigan.—Some friends of justice have been laboring for a year or two past to obtain admission for female students to the University of Michigan—the common property of all the inhabitants of the State. The Regents of the University have decided against the measure. This disgraceful, hunkerish decision will yet be reversed. The women of Michigan should at once take the question in hand in good earnest, and they will soon obtain their educational rights in the State.—*Bugle.*

The Way Pirates are Made.—In the United States Court (Boston), Friday morning, Judge Sprague presiding, John Reed, second mate of the ship Elphalet Greely, was put on trial on a charge of having maliciously assaulted and beaten Manuel Coolie, a negro, a native of the Cape de Verde Islands, while the ship was on the passage between London and Boston. His testimony would show that he was kicked down twelve times in a very few minutes. The probability is that he would have been killed if they had struck him anywhere else but on the head. As it is he lives to

Miscellaneous Department.

THE GARLAND.

Translated for THE STANDARD from the German of UHLAND.

PLUCKING the flowers that bloomed around,
A little maid strayed o'er the plain;
There came a lady, wondrous fair,
From out the forest green.

She kindly met the little maid,
She twined a garland in her hair,
"It blooms not yet, but bloom it will;
O wear it ever there."

And, as the maiden older grew,
And walked beneath the pale moonlight,
Shedding sweet tears of love and joy,
The garland budded bright.

And when the bridegroom well-beloved
Her in his arms had clasped,
The little flowers, so witching fair,
Broke from the bud at last.

She cradled on her bosom soon
A child so sweet and fair,
Then from 'midst the twining garland
Much golden fruit shone there.

And when, alas! her loved one sank
In the gloomy night of the grave,
Then, withered, o'er her scattered hair,
An Autumn wreath did wave.

Soon, too, she lay so pale and still,
Yet wore she her garland dear;
A miracle was wrought—they saw
Both fruits and flowers appear!

For The Standard.

THE QUADROON'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE quadroon sat alone in her little room; it was late at night; the child slept soundly, and the little lamp flickered and burnt bluely on the hearth in the stillness of that summer night! Aggy could not sleep; her mind was full of fears and apprehensions. She dreaded the worst. Marian had not given in to her proposed plan; she knew Raymond's indulgent nature; knew that he would risk ruin rather than brave his wife's tears and reproaches. "What," she thought, "when the great crash comes, will become of me—of my child? we are property, and for no fault of ours must suffer the heaviest bolt. Nothing can save us. We must be sacrificed." She rose taking the lamp and shading it with her hand, approached the bed. The child was sleeping sweetly, unconsciously. The mother's eye wandered anxiously over the face, as if searching out each line that the months and few years had marked there; tears were in her eyes; they flowed down her cheeks and silently fell upon the little folded hands of the child.

"What will become of her?" the mother asked. "She has no father to shield her, and I am without power. God gave her to me, but men take her from me; the law says she is not mine"—she was startled and her soliloquy broken in upon by the sound of a footstep on the verandah, near her door.

Placing the lamp on the hearth, she cautiously opened the door; and there alone in the moonlight was Raymond, pacing the verandah, with a nervous but slow step. She was about closing the door again, when he perceived her. Stopping short in his walk, he asked, in a husky voice,

"Aggy, is that you?"

She did not reply, but glided within the door, as if to conceal herself from him.

"Aggy, come—I—want to speak with you."

The words seemed to cleave to his throat. She dared not disobey *him*. A power stronger even than that of American slavery made her do his will. Coming close to him, she said, in a calm voice,

"Master, what is it?"

"Do not master me, girl; I am poor as you, and as much broken in heart."

She looked inquiringly.

"Aggy, I have done you a great wrong. I've been cruel and seemingly cold. God only knows what a wretch I am." He knocked his clenched hand fiercely against his brow.

But still she did not speak—only stood as one transfixed. Rapidly walking past her, she saw by the moonlight that his cheeks were wet with tears.

"Great God!" he at length exclaimed; "why was I ever born? My trouble is more than I can bear."

The quadroon's heart was keenly touched; she went up to his side and took hold of his hand.

"What is it, master?"

"He snatched it from her, and, turning angrily around, asked,

"Why will you call me master? Call me wretch, barbarian, but don't say master again. I have been a tyrant to you, and God is punishing me for it now, coward and slave that I am."

"*Not slave*, William Raymond; thank Heaven, you are not that." She spoke in a clear, proud tone. He turned abruptly toward her. Something in her voice recalled him to a sense of his position. The moonlight streamed clear and goldenly over her and lighted up her wasted features and hollow cheeks. A thought of her beauty, of his olden love, of her long devotion, forbearance and silent sorrow struck him anew; he paused before her; and taking that thin hand within his own, slowly lifted it to his brow, and whilst unconsciously pressed her fingers against the swollen and beating veins.

"Do you," he asked in a hollow tone, "feel the hell that is burning there?"

"You have fever," she answered in a whisper, "and the night air will do you no good. You must go in."

"Not to Marian, for she, poor child, has wept herself to rest at last. I've had a long talk with her, and no doubt she curses me in her heart; I wish she did openly. I can bear anything, Aggy, rather than the reproach of silence, which you have given me through these long years."

"I have felt no reproach, I've not uttered one, even in the quiet of my own breast; prayers are all that I have for you." She spoke slowly and with tenderness; he dashed his hand across his brow, as if to fling away the tears that were again gathering there.

"Aggy, do you forgive me?"

"Oh, a thousand times over and over again."

"Of this you assure me?"

"I do, indeed." Her eyes were now full of tears, and her hand half sought his; then as suddenly she withdrew it.

"No, Aggy, take my hand." He offered it, but she shook her head mournfully, saying,

"I had rather not; better, better not."

"Aggy, where is your child?"

She started violently; the tears were dried in her eyes as if by the piercing sweep of a north wind; her breath came in long and loud respirations. She pointed toward the half open door and said, in a harsh, husky whisper,

"In there, asleep."

"She is a poor, sickly child."

"*Yes, she is*"; and the quadroon's head fell sadly on her bosom, and she sighed heavily.

"Can she stand fatigue?"

"None; but why do you ask the question? Does danger threaten—*my*—your child?" The woman walked in front of him, and said, in an authoritative tone,

"Look, William Raymond; do you think of harm to that child? *Remember*—I have been silent; I have borne wrong and injury to myself without a word; I have been a still and patient slave, looking at your pleasure without an ill wish; but I am now something more than your slave—I'm a mother; touch my child and you shall know the other side of my nature; the tiger loves its young—the slave can do as much." Her eye glared upon him and her thin lip quivered as she folded her arms and stood silently before him.

Admiration and half love were in the look which he bent down upon her. For a few moments he was silent; then, slowly speaking, he said,

"Aggy—poor, unhappy girl! I would not wrong you more than I have already done; can you think I would do harm to your child?"

"You must not even let it come," she interrupted.

"No, nor shall I; for that reason I sought you out to-night."

"Why, what?" she nervously asked, catching hold of the door and thrusting her person against it, as if to prevent any one from passing that way. He understood the movement, and smiled sadly.

"I want you to take your child to-night—not later than to-morrow at farthest—and make your escape to some of the Northern States. You are so fair that no one will suspect you. A dreadful bolt is about falling upon me, one that would crush you. I can't meet my obligations, and must leave the plantation immediately. This day I have given in all Marian's property, you among the rest. I could not help it, Aggy; I tried to. And on next Monday week you are all to be sold at sheriff's sale. Now the opportunity is offered to you to make an escape."

He spoke rapidly, for the words were half choking him. She sank down on the door-sill and covered her face with her hands.

Walking up and down the verandah hurriedly, he did not seem to notice her, when, suddenly halting before her, he said,

"Curse me, Aggy; curse me; I can better bear curses than such crushing resignation; speak out your curses; I deserve them all—aye, more than you can give."

She had grown calm, fearfully calm, and now, when she looked at him, it was with a mournful expression, yet full of composure.

"Will you go soon, Aggy? Remember time is precious; better start to-night; to-morrow may be too late. My honor will be ruined; but that matters not, if you are saved. Let me do you this little justice; I don't care for the rest."

"And you gave me in as property, subject to your debts?" The words were slowly but distinctly uttered.

"Yes, Aggy, and the child too. You may curse me, but could I do otherwise? Hundreds of persons know of your existence, and also that you belonged to my wife."

"True, true, true."

"But I offer you escape now at the price of *my honor*. I buy your freedom almost with my own disgrace. Go, now, lest my feeble nature fail me."

"And will the sale of me save you, keep your honor fair, with yourself and your creditors?"

"Almost entirely; at least I will make good the property I pledged."

"And the child may be sold with me?"

"Yes; but why these idle questions? Time is flying; you must be off soon."

"Then, William, I never failed before, I will not fail you now. Let me but keep my child, and let the worth of this poor body buy the redemption of your honor. Let it be so; I decide it."

She crouched down at his feet with something of the look of a faithful household dog, ready and willing to die at its master's feet.

Raymond was deeply touched; his whole form shook with uncontrolled emotion. What a heart he had torn out and trampled on! She put up her thin arms and caught him round the knees, while her hot tears fell upon his feet. He did not dare trust himself to speak, and in a few moments the original selfishness of his character had time to react. He began to think—"She has chosen her own fate; it is but what she has always been accustomed to. Born and brought up to slavery, 'tis her life and may suit her best; then, too, my honor will be saved. At any rate, I'll not urge to the contrary. She must choose for herself." And he merely said, in a tender tone,

"Aggy, you had better go."

"No, William, if I can serve you, I will remain. Only let me keep my child; remember that."

Marian's bell sounded—the quadroon sprang to her feet.

"Stop, Aggy, don't answer that call; I will go in; she is awake and misses me, and in fright has rung for you; don't come in unless she rings again. Poor Marian! she cannot meet poverty. Now, Aggy"—he placed his hand upon her hand—"God bless you; I wish I dared thank you for your noble conduct."

"Hush, hush; only say that I may keep the child."

"*You shall.*"

"I believe you"; and, pressing his hand to her lips, she reëntered her room, and he returned to Marian, whom he found in a most unhappy state.

"Oh, William," she cried, "I have had such dreadful dreams; sleep has been a torture to me. I know that those horrid things which you told me suggested the dreams. I was flying from enemies, and my poor children were beggars, asking alms of persons in the street. My old friends shunned me, and I was suffering for bread. Oh, William, such a picture of beggary and want as it was! Thank Heaven, it was only a dream; yet as soon as I awoke, I remembered your conversation. Can it be possible that we are reduced so low? Must I give up all and live as a pauper? Poor, dear papa never foresaw this." Tears rendered her utterance broken and stifling.

"Marian," said Raymond, "if I deserved these reproaches, I could not bear them; but, dear, you know that these disasters have been brought about independent of my agency. It was because I indulged your extravagance that all must now go; but still we are not paupers. I have health, strength and a determined heart; you and our children shall never suffer. Only for awhile we must live humbly; but can't we be happy?" He took her warmly in his arms and soothed her with a hundred endearments.

"Must all the servants go?" she imploringly asked.

"Yes, dear, all of them."

"But, surely, I can keep Aggy; you would not think of robbing me of her?"

"I fear she, too, must go."

"And are you willing to have her sold, William—my poor, faithful Aggy, my greatest comfort, the guardian of my life? Oh, no, William, you would not strip me of her."

"I'd give you her, and a hundred others, but the creditors, dearest, will not decide thus."

"They shan't take her. My father will rise from his coffin to oppose it. It shall not be; there is a point beyond which submission refuses to go; we are at that point now, William, and you choose to sit down and allow these creditors to ride rough-shod over you, over me, and to wrest my fair and just inheritance from your grasp?"

In vain he tried to reason with her. What could a spoiled and petted child, for she was nothing more, know of intricate legal business? She only thought that the property had been her father's, and was now hers; further than this, she would not be convinced. Wiping the tears from her eyes, she resumed,

"William, if all the other property goes, you will surely see that I keep Aggy? She is everything to me. Moreover, I can't bear to reward her long devotion and faithfulness so cruelly. Think how she has served me, always with a willing heart and a ready hand. Her child, too, is weak, sick and ailing; you could not separate them. And if they are sold, Aggy may not be allowed time to care for it properly. Oh, it is cruel to sell her—it's cruel ill usage. Now, say, dear, that she shall stay."

The eyes were moist which she lifted to him, and the hand that rested on his arm trembled nervously. He paused for a moment or two, then said, in a tremulous tone,

"I have tried to save Aggy, for she is a noble and faithful woman, but it seems impossible. This, darling, is a great shock to me; but I will endeavor to have the child sold with her."

"William," exclaimed the indignant wife, half recoiling from him, "this shall not be. *I* will prevent it. Sooner than have her sold, I will conceal her. Send her off to the North; let her be free. Poor creature, just before our marriage she urged me to give her liberty, which I selfishly refused, little dreaming she was reserved for this fate. No, it can't, shan't be."

He did not dare reason further with her, but resorted to the same old plan of persuasion and promise, saying he would see what could be done. And with that hopefulness induced by a petted life, she fell asleep.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE London *Critic* says: "A valued correspondent calls attention to the fact that the centenary anniversary of Robert Burns's birth occurs on the 25th January, 1859, and asks whether the opportunity ought not to be seized for holding a grand Burns anniversary on that day."

CHILDREN.

From Longfellow's forthcoming Book of Poems.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more!
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,

That to the world are children;
Through these it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
That reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems
And all the rest are dead.

THE LAST VICTIM OF THE GAUNTLET.

AN imperial rescript, bearing the date of the 20th of August, 1854, and the signature of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, has abolished forevermore, within the realms of the whole Austrian Empire, that terrible chastisement, running the gauntlet. Terrible it was indeed; a cruel and barbarous remnant of those dark and dismal times called the middle ages. I witnessed the last execution of this kind, and record it for the benefit of those who still cling with a strange fondness even to the worst legacies of bygone centuries.

On an autumn morning in the year 1851 the garrison of the fortress of Theresienstadt, on the Eger river, in Bohemia, was formed in a large square on the spacious place before the residence of the commandant. In the middle of the square, drawn up in a file, stood a company of a rifle battalion, to which the delinquent belonged. It was unarmed, each private (there were three hundred) being provided with a switch, and placed at a small distance from his next man. At the tenth stroke of the clock the drums were beaten, and amidst a silence deep and oppressive, the prisoner was marched into the square.

He was as fine-looking a man as ever I have set eyes upon; tall, powerful and well-formed. His handsome features, to which a black moustache gave a bold and martial expression, shone forth in the full glow and vigor of manhood, only they were of a deadly paleness.

He was a non-commissioned officer, and during the last campaign in Italy, in 1849, he had distinguished himself in such a manner that his superior officers had recommended him for promotion. Austria is more generous than England towards those that shed their blood in her service, and he would have been made a commissioned officer long since—in spite of his humble origin and his poverty—if it had not been for a fatal impediment. This impediment was his own passionate temper; he was a very choleric man; harsh and brutal towards his inferiors, morose and stubborn towards his superiors whenever they deemed it necessary to check or rebuke him. He was hated by the men to the utmost. There was not a private in the whole battalion that had not vowed him revenge. He had never made one friend, nor did he care to have one. Strict in the performance of his military service—the most minor duties of which he discharged with the utmost exactness—he went his own way, proud, reserved, solitary. Innumerable were the punishments which he had brought upon the men; for, however slight the offence might be, he was sure not to pass it over in silence.

His superior officers respected him for his usefulness, his ability and his exactitude; but they did not like him. The evident lack of humanity in the man made him an object of doubt rather than of love. Moreover, there was a vague rumor about his having once struck at his own officer in the midst of a pell-mell caused by a hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy. The report never took a clear shape, the officer having been killed in the engagement, and the gossipings of a few wounded soldiers having been much too incoherent and contradictory to lead to a formal investigation of the matter; besides, it was at the victory of Novarra. He had greatly distinguished himself, and old Field Marshal Radetzky had, with his own hands, affixed the golden medal on his breast. The rumor, however, together with the knowledge of his harsh and violent temper, caused his name to be erased from the list of those that were recommended for higher promotion.

When this incident was made known to him he became even more sullen, more rigid, more cruel than ever; but always, as it was well understood, for the benefit of the service; the slightest demands of which he performed with the same immutable strictness as he enforced them to be done by others.

A few weeks previous to the dreadful punishment which he had now to undergo, he was mounting guard in the outworks with some twenty or twenty-five men of his own company. It was a chilly, rainy night; and, when the sentries were relieved, they were glad to stretch themselves, wet as they were, upon the floor near the large stove in the middle of the guard-room. The floor not being very clean (floors seldom are in these localities) and the white uniforms of the men being wet, it was no wonder that the dirt adhered to them with a tenacity that defied all exertions to get it off, when the wearers were roused by this sergeant to prepare for standing guard once more. The more they tried to rub their clothes clean, the more sturdily he lent a helping hand to their endeavors by an application of the sad equipment of every Austrian non-commissioned officer—the stick. Whilst he was fully at work, cutting away at the men with a powerful arm, the door opened, and the officer on duty entered the guard-room.

"Attention!" commanded the sergeant; and, saluting his superior, made the usual report that nothing worth remarking had happened. The officer, a young ensign, fresh from the military school, and almost a boy, took no notice whatever of this important news, but asked the sergeant in a brisk and somewhat impetuous manner: "What he was again striking the men for?"

The sergeant, already much annoyed at this interference, gave a surly and unwilling answer; and, when the young officer rebuked him, in a severe and perhaps somewhat haughty manner, the violent and passionate man, losing all self-control, lifted up his hand against his officer.

It was but one fatal moment, quick as lightning. The uplifted hand never descended; it was caught by a dozen powerful arms. He was felled to the ground, and disarmed. Half an hour afterwards he found himself in irons in the casemates.

Lifting the arm against a superior is considered a capital crime. In this case it had been committed whilst both parties were on duty, and the Austrian military laws are the very last in the world to be trifled with. The following day he was tried by court martial, and sentenced to be shot. When the sentence was forwarded to the competent authority for ratification, it happened to be the superior's anniversary day; capital punishment was commuted, the criminal had to run the gauntlet.

A cruel act of grace was this commutation! When the first sentence had been read over to him, he had remained cold and impassible; not a muscle of his proud face stirred. He did not fear death; he had looked it in the face many a time without flinching, and to die in the open air, pierced by a dozen balls—a soldier's death—what should he care much for that? But when he was informed that he had to run the gauntlet twice through his company, after having been previously degraded, he trembled for the first time in his life. He knew of many a soldier who had run the gauntlet thrice through a whole battalion, and not been the worse for it after all; he knew of some that had even married afterwards, and brought up families of children; he was fully aware that the issue of this terrible torture depended entirely upon the dispositions of the men. Dreadful reflection! Above all, he thought of the shame, the dishonor—and his proud heart was well-nigh giving way.

On the evening previous to the punishment, the 2d Rifle Battalion of Kherenhuller Infantry would have been unfit for service; the men were drunk. They had got up a carousal in joy and honor of the coming day. But in the morning they were sober enough. The drums ceased to beat as soon as the prisoner had arrived in the middle of the square; his escort fell back. He stood alone near the right wing of the company. There was a dead silence; not a respiration was to be heard from all the thousands gathered on the spot. The commanding officer read the sentence over to him for the second time. This done, he exhorted the men, according to custom, to dispense with all feelings of compassion, and to do their duty conformably to the law. The colonel went through this part of the formality in a quick and hurried manner, as if he were unwilling to perform it. So he was; he knew but too well that, in this instance, there was no need whatever for exhortation. These preliminaries being over, the prisoner was delivered into the hands of the provost.

When the latter tore off from his uniform the golden lace and galloons—the marks of his military rank—throwing them, together with the gold medal, at his feet, the face of the unfortunate man became purple, and his dark eyes flashed fire. When he was stripped of his coat and shirt, and placed at the entry of the terrible street through which he had to pass, he became pale again. Two soldiers went ahead of him; they marched backward, with their bayonets presented to his breast, so as to force him to keep measure to a drum which brought up the rear. The drum was muffled; its slow and dismal beats sounded like the music of a funeral procession.

When he received the first stroke his features assumed an expression of pain, and his firm-set lips quivered slightly. This was, however, the only sign of sensation. Crossing his arms over his breast and pressing his teeth close together, his proud face remained henceforth immovable. His merciless enemies enjoyed but an incomplete triumph after all; they might slash his body in pieces, but his proud and indomitable spirit they could not break. The blows descended with a fearful violence upon him. After the first dozen blood came; but never did he utter one single exclamation of pain; never—not even with a look did he implore for mercy. An expression of scorn and disdain was deeply set on his face, as pale as death. When he had reached at last the left wing of the company, his lacerated back presented a frightful appearance. Even his most exasperated enemies might have well been satisfied now; if it had but been possible, the commanding officer himself would have interceded in his behalf; but this was not even to be thought of; the law must have its course. They faced him right about; he had to make the same way back again.

There was one formality connected with this punishment which was a cruel, barbarous and shameful mockery; the delinquent had to thank his executioners for his tortures.

When the victim had arrived at the file leader of the right wing of his company, and the dreadful execution was over at last, he threw one last, long look, full of contempt, at his tormentors. Then he was seen staggering like a drunken man towards the commanding officer. His eyes, swollen with blood, beamed with an unnatural brightness, his respiration was short and painful; touching his head with his right hand, in token of the military salute, he said with a voice that came out of his throat with a rattling sound, but that was nevertheless distinctly audible all over the place: "I have to thank your honor for this exquisite punishment," and fell down dead.—*Household Words.*

A QUAKER MEETING.

IT was our privilege upon a recent Sunday to attend public worship in a Quaker "Cathedral," in the pleasant village of Amesbury, Mass. We went in company with Whittier, the renowned Quaker poet, whose literary fame extends across the Atlantic, and whose purity of life and rare fidelity to his principles command universal respect. The associations attached to the Friends' meeting-house in Boston are far different from those connected with the Quaker church in a rural village where the worshippers follow agricultural pursuits and at this season of the year do the singing for the meeting on "first day." We never saw so neat a place of public assembly as the church at Amesbury; the very floor is cleaner than the walls of our city churches. The little folks present were models of propriety, and the whole atmosphere of the place was favorable to reflection and meditation. The services consisted of the most profound silence, a short but excellent address, and a brief comprehensive prayer. We never witnessed a more devout or thoughtful assembly.

The small congregation of worshippers were not inaptly called "Friends." The mild and amiable look of those present gave evidence of calm and tranquil souls and characters in which were blended fraternal love, universal charity and moral rectitude. We were in a church, not only without priests, but without sacraments—no pealing organ, no trained and cultivated singers, no reading of the Sacred Word, no hymn books, no written discourse—there was not even a pulpit, that great bulwark of Protestantism, in the sanctuary! But we felt that we were in a truly Christian assembly. Those about us, according to the testimony of the "world's people," are good neighbors, good men and women, good Christians. They lead lives of unostentatious and simple goodness. We would recommend a visit to a Quaker church to those of our city friends who are in the vicinity of one during their summer vacation. The silence of the assembly will be a novel experience to persons accustomed to have the outward senses constantly appealed to. One of the earliest, as well as one of the most protracted, silent meetings named in history is recorded in the book of Job, where Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar remained with Joe "seven days and nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was great"!

A story is related of a person who told a Quaker that the silence of a meeting of the Society of Friends was enough to kill the devil; to which the Quaker replied, that it was the very thing the silent assembly were trying to do.

An English Archbishop has stated that religion seems to have made the deepest impression on the Quakers. Whittier has beautifully said:

> The Quaker of the olden time!
> How calm and firm, and true,
> Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
> He walked the dark earth through;
> The lust of power, the love of gain,
> The thousand lures of sin
> Around him, had no power to stain
> *The love of purity within.*

As we sat within the plain walls of the modest "meeting-house," and saw faces upon which "the dove sat visibly brooding," we thought of Charles Lamb's charming essay upon such an assemblage, and the following words of the gentle Elia haunted our meditations:

"Wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some one to keep thee in countenance, go into a Quaker meeting. To pace alone in the cloisters or side isles of some cathedral time stricken.

> "or under hanging mountains,
> Or by the fall of fountains—"

is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy who come together for the purposes of more complete abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness to be felt. The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quaker meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions—

> 'Sands, ignoble things,
> Dropped from the ruined sides of Kings—'

but here is something which throws Antiquity herself into the foreground—Silence—eldest of kings—language of old night—primitive discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent and, as we may say, unnatural progression."

Frequently the meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius, or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the *tongue*, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness. Oh, when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense noises of the world, what a balm and solace it is to go and seat yourself, for a quiet half hour, among the gentle Quakers. Their garb and stillness conjoined present an uniformity, tranquil and herd-like—as in a pasture—"forty feeding like one."—*Boston Traveller.*

A GERMAN INN.

In some places a kind of a higher class is formed by those who do not allow the women to work in the fields and on the roads; it was in such a family that we spent a little time during the apple-gathering and cider-making period, in the autumn. They kept the village inn; but on a road that did not bring them a throng of customers from foreign parts.

The father was, in appearance and manners, like the better class of farmers in New England, and the wife and daughters also very similar to those we should find in the same position at home. And, alas, we must say the comparison goes farther. In both cases, when they arrive at a kind of independence, it is the man alone who arrives at ease. Being no longer obliged to work in the field, he only exercises a kind of supervision over his affairs, working a little every day if he chooses, and the remainder of the time smoking and chatting with his customers.

As usual in German inns, there is no place where a woman can sit down and be decent or comfortable, except in her room, and here we took all our meals. The rooms for guests were furnished with the usual quota of long wooden benches, placed against the walls, and the long wooden tables in front, and never made more cheerful by cloth or napkin. There might be seen at every hour of the day also the usual quota of wine-bibbers and beer-drinkers, munching black bread, and smoking and gossiping, as if these were the great objects of life.

We asked for a room with one bed, but were obliged to take one with two, and, when we came to pay our bill, found we were obliged to pay for two also, though only one was occupied. It was made up with special care for our comfort, and consisted first of a thick straw bed, as foundation; upon this, at the head, a large solid straw pillow, made upon the principle of an inclined plane. Then came another hard bed, but a little softer than the straw. Now the snowy linen sheets, and two feather pillows, upon which it would be impossible to sleep except in an upright position. Upon these were placed two feather beds, each half a yard in depth, so that from the top to the bottom, the whole measured two yards. In many peasant houses that we have seen, the guest-chamber is furnished with a ladder upon which to climb to the top of the bed, and we should certainly have needed one here if we had thought of finding repose upon such a mountain; but instead of this we spent half an hour removing the several layers, until the proper height was reached for our convenience. We did not have to make our bed, but it was considerable labor to re-make it; but we could not think of asking any change in the arrangements, as this would destroy the beauty of the bed, which is everywhere made up as high and round as possible, in order to look well in their eyes. How it is possible for people to preserve health, sweated and sweltered every night by such a process, we do not understand, and they wondered not less how we could sleep in any other way. The only other furniture of the room was a deal table, upon which every evening was set a bowl of fresh water for our morning ablutions, and a tumbler filled with the same for our mouth; with each day a clean towel, and three times a week all the linen of the bed renewed, which was a luxury we never found elsewhere, and in no city oftener than once a month.

We had furnished ourselves with chocolate, knowing it could not be purchased so far in the country, and had, every morning, sweet milk, and the usual good bread, with two eggs, for our breakfast. For dinner, boiled beef and black bread, after a soup which was only the water in which the beef had been boiled, sometimes a pickle, and perhaps for dessert a piece of fried pork, or liver, with potatoes. For supper, chocolate and bread, but others had a hearty meat supper, at nine o'clock, in the common room. The mother and daughters worked all the day in the kitchen and dining-room; and when we have looked out very early, we have seen the wife washing floors and sweeping the street in front of the house, looking weary ere it was dawn, while her *gude man* slept. The daughters were very pretty, and dressed like New England girls of the same rank, having wholly discarded the peasant dress. They allowed us freely to enter the kitchen, and initiated us into all the operations of dairy and pantry, and this we found all German housewives willing to do.

It was, as we said, the busy time of the year, and those who went to the fields came home with carts laden with apples, pears and nuts, which were deposited in bins for the several purposes to which they were destined. What we call in America English walnuts grow here in great abundance, and taste, when green, very much like butternuts. The bark is peeled off and dried for fuel, and the nuts put away in heaps, for the children to crack around the winter fire; but among the poorer families, they are carried to market, and exchanged for articles more necessary to life.

The cider-press stands in the great barn floor, instead of having a house by itself, as in New England, and occupies only some feet of space, being turned by a man instead of a horse. A half *tun* stands to receive the expressed juice, in the taste of which we perceive no difference from that we were accustomed to sip upon the philosophic principle of suction, through a straw, and which we see children doing in exactly the same way here. In the kitchen there is a scene, too, corresponding exactly to the one exhibited in a New England kitchen, whilst the cider is making in the barn. A great kettle hangs in the fire-place, behind the stove, filled with *halves* and *quarters* of apples boiling in the liquid, which their brothers have furnished; and when it is done, it will be *cider apple-sauce*, such as American housewives *put up* for the winter, and which keeps good here, as there, till spring. On the stove is another kettle with *pear-sauce*, prepared in the same way, but sweeter and richer; and around are various small earthen pots with stews and sauces of a different kind.—"*Peasant Life in Germany.*"

THE COURTIN'.

The last six stanzas of the following poem are new; the first have led a prosperous life in the newspapers for many years.

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crookneck hung,
An' in among 'em rusted,
The old queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leettle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she was in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin,
Ez th' apples she was peelin'.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A raspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelin's flew,
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' fitered on the mat,
Some doubtful o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him further,
An' on her apples kep' to work
Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal, no; I come designin'—"
"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrow's ironin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin";
Sez she, "Think likely, *Mister*";
The last words pricked him like a pin,
An'—wal' he up and kist her.

When ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot, pale ez ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips
An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A VISIT TO A PASHA'S HAREM.

WE were set down in a large circular hall, covered with matting, and were immediately surrounded by numbers of the pasha's retainers, principally cavasses (a kind of free-lance footmen) and chibouquejees (pipe-bearers). These gentlemen were entertaining themselves with a most minute inspection of us, when down the vast staircase (with two flights *à la Fontainebleau*) came the Chief of the Eunuchs, as hideous and as angry as a Black could possibly be. He dispersed the mob right and left, evidently claiming us as Harem visitors. M. Robolli was conducted with us as far as the first suite of rooms, and he then retired to the apartments of the pasha, leaving us in the hands of this "bird of night," who was now joined by two others, scarcely less monstrous and frightful than himself. These led us through several immensely large rooms, all covered with a rich gold-colored matting and with crimson divans at either end. No other furniture, except an occasional cabinet, filled with grotesque china, which I should have liked to stop and look at. The ceilings were all carved and painted barbarously enough, and more or less richly. There were no doors, but heavy hangings of crimson embroidered cloth and tapestry at the entrance of the numerous apartments.

At last our conductor stopped on the third and last floor, which is always the principal in Turkish houses, on account of the view. He lifted up the crimson arras, and, with a hideous grin, invited us to enter. Madame de Souci and Mrs. Brown, who are both very new arrivals at Constantinople, were rather nervous, and begged me to go in first. I had seen how sweetly gentle and kind the Turkish women are, and lifted up the charmed curtain with much more confidence and pleasure than I should have entered an assembly of Englishwomen. I shall not easily forget the sight which presented itself. We were in the midst of a vast apartment, with a lofty, dome-like roof, carved with gigantic wreaths of flowers and pomegranates. An immense stair-case was on the other side, lighted by a window which reached from roof to roof; and in the projecting half-moon of the balusters, was a beautiful white marble fountain. The whole was covered with the same gold-colored matting. Rich crimson divans under each enormous window at either end, and raised three steps. The window looking toward the streets of Stamboul was latticed, with round peep-holes; but the other was free from even a blind, and the beautiful blue Bosphorus and Sea of Marmora, with many stately ships upon them, the mountains in the distance, still glittering here and there with snow, and, nearer, the dark cypresses, and the minarets of Santa Sophia and numerous other mosques, lay in a grand picture of quiet, inconceivable beauty below it. Here, evidently in a dreamy kind of revery, sat the principal wife of Riza Pasha, surrounded by her slaves, some sitting on the steps beneath the divan at her feet, others laughing together and strolling about. She rose as we approached, and gave her hand, after the English fashion, to each. The slaves all crowded round to look at us, and I assure you that the variety and brilliancy of their costumes were almost dazzling.

But I must first tell you the dress of the great lady. Her selma, or wide-sleeved under-dress (trousers, etc.), was of a delicate violet-color, bound round the waist by a richly embroidered scarf; her shirt of silvery Broussa gauze. Over this was a magnificent jacket of amber-colored cashmere, lined with the richest sable. On her head she wore a fez, bound round with a large plait of hair, which was fastened every here and there with immense rose diamonds. A purple lily flower was stuck straight down this plait, and shaded her forehead. Her ear-rings were of a single pendant emerald, set in a small spray of brilliants. She must have been of surpassing beauty, and was still strikingly handsome, with perfectly regular features, and skin dark but clear, a brow and upper-lip which would have graced a Roman empress. Indeed, we made up our minds at once that it was a Roman empress she was like.

Rising, she motioned us to follow her, and the principal slaves officiously lifted the hangings of one of the numerous doorways surrounding this immense apartment. We entered a charming room, evidently a Turkish boudoir, with an immense window, divans all round it, and the same enchanting view. Here we three poor Englishwomen sat in a row, distressingly anxious to converse, and make ourselves agreeable, and knowing about a dozen words between us, including the detestible "*bono*" and "*no bono*" which we were heartily sick and ashamed of. I tried Italian; Madame Riza shook her majestic head; Madame de Souci murmured a few graceful words in French; at which Madame Riza solemnly uttered the word "*Oui*"; and all the slaves, black men included, laughed with joy and pride at their mistress's accomplishments. This was accounted for by Riza Pasha having been Minister at Vienna, and his speaking French.

The hangings of the two doors were constantly being lifted, and more women as constantly trooping in to peep at us. Some giggled and ran away; others advanced boldly up the room, and evidently spoke to their mistress about us. Some sat themselves down cross-legged at the further end of the room, staring at us to their hearts' content, and talking about us in whispers. We, meantime, were talking to each other about them. But presently a splendidly dressed black slave lifted the arras, and behind her appeared a most lovely young Circassian lady, who was, as we afterwards found out, the Pasha's second wife, and a present from the Sultan. She was very tall: but it is impossible to describe her winning beauty, or the exquisite grace of her movements. We were all three instantly charmed with her, and no longer regretted their not understanding English; it was such a pleasure to exclaim every now and then: "Oh, you pretty creature!" "Did you ever see such a figure!" "Do look at the shape of her head and throat!" "What a lovely mouth!—and just listen to her voice!" There's a plait of glossy hair! quite down to her feet it must be when unbound!" This pretty creature, whom we instantly named "The fair Circassian," seemed to be on excellent terms with her majestic colleague. They saluted each other after their usual fashion, and she bowed to us very gracefully when we rose to do her honor, saying something which seemed to be a welcome. I must now tell you her dress. Her trousers, and the robe which twists round the feet, and trails behind, were of the most brilliant blue, edged with a little embroidery of white. Her cashmere jacket was of a pale lilac (like the double primroses), lined with a gold-colored fur. A delicate lilac gauze handkerchief was twined round her head; among the fringe of which, diamond hearts-ease, of the natural size, glittered on golden stalks, which trembled at the slightest movement. Lilac slippers, embroidered with seed-pearls, completed her toilette. No, I must not forget the shining plaits of black hair which escaped from the handkerchief and hung down behind, and a diamond of enormous size and great beauty, which glittered on one of her white fingers. We decided that this must be a present from the Sultan, and that it must be also one of the stones spoken of in Eastern fairy lore as "lighting the chamber," etc.—"*In and Around Stamboul.*"

A BURMAN STORY.—Mr. Winter, in his recent work on Burmah, gives the following as an illustration of the native literature: "The Potter and the Washerman." In the olden time, during the era of Thoe-moyd-ha, a potter conceived an evil design against a washerman, who lived with considerable ostentation, and, being unable to bear the sight of the wealth which the latter had acquired by washing clothes, he determined to come to an open rupture with him. With this view he went to the king and said, "Your Majesty's royal elephant is black; but if you were to order the washerman to wash it white, would you not become lord of the white elephant?"

This spe